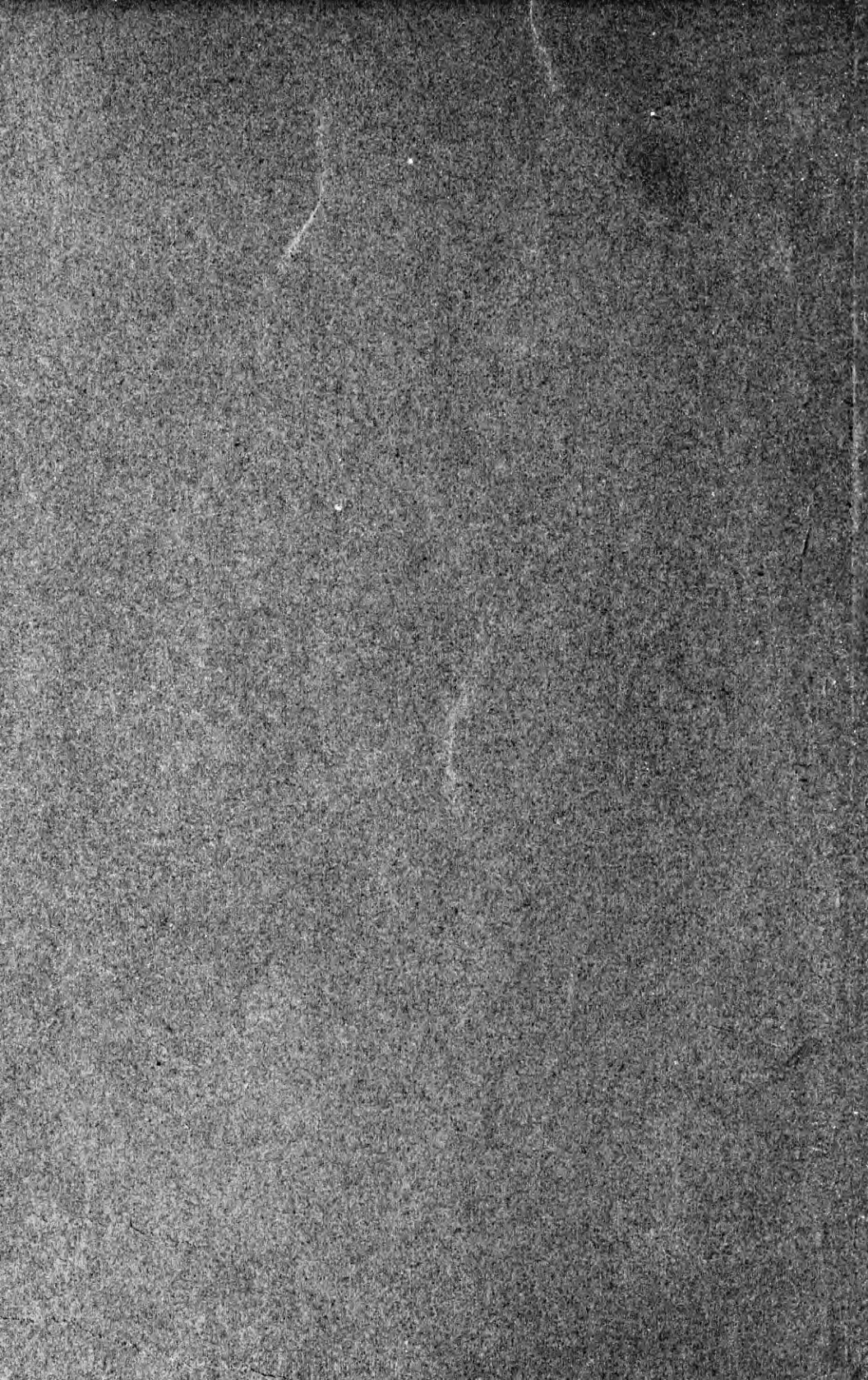


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Publications Vol.

OBSEQUIES

OF

RED JACKET.

AT

BUFFALO,

OCTOBER 9TH, 1884.



Buffalo Historical Society
Transactions

Vol. III



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TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

RED JACKET.



VOLUME III.

BUFFALO:
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INTRODUCTORY.

THE project of re-interring the remains of Red Jacket, and of cotemporary chiefs, lying in neglected graves in the vicinage of Buffalo, has for a score of years been discussed and advocated by prominent members of the Buffalo Historical Society. In public addresses, on different occasions, Messrs. Lewis F. Allen, Orlando Allen, Orsamus H. Marshall, William P. Letchworth and others have, in earnest and touching language, urged the measure as a fitting and pious duty toward the distinguished chiefs and leaders of the hapless aborigines whom we have dispossessed. Correspondence was entered into with the late Nathaniel T. Strong (Honnondeuh), a principal chief of the Senecas, who warmly approved the measure, and who thought the surviving relatives of the dead sachems and warriors, as well as the council of the nation, would give it their sanction.

The bones of Red Jacket, it was understood, were in the jealous custody of his step-daughter, Ruth Stevenson, an aged and pious Christian woman, who, after consulting the devoted missionaries, Rev. Asher Wright and his wife, signified her willingness to surrender them to the society for re-interment in Forest Lawn Cemetery. Many of the cotemporaries of this renowned chief were buried in the old mission cemetery, of which the venerable widow of Asher Wright, in a letter to the writer, speaks as follows :

"About four miles from the City of Buffalo, on what was the Buffalo Creek Reservation, may be found the old Indian burial-ground. This little spot, consecrated as the last resting-place of many of the chiefs and head men of the Senecas, occupied the site of an ancient Indian fort. In 1842 the line of the intrenchments could be distinctly traced, especially on the west and south. A little to the north of the principal entrance was the grave of the celebrated chief, Red Jacket, so long the faithful friend and protector of his people against encroachments of the whites, and still, as we might imagine, the watchful sentinel, solemnly guarding this little spot, where so many of his chosen friends recline around him, from the desecrating touch of the race whom he had so much reason to fear and hate.

"Nearly opposite the grave of Red Jacket, on the south of the entrance, was a solitary white stone. This marked the grave of 'THE WHITE WOMAN,' as she was popularly called, Mary Jemison.¹ The stone was partly broken and the inscription defaced, for so strange was the story of the ancient sleeper that strangers visiting the place, and wishing to carry away mementoes of their visit, had dared to chip off considerable portions of the marble.

"It is a little remarkable that so many of the characters who figured on the stage with her, and took part in the eventful scenes with which she was so familiar, should have been brought into such close proximity to her in the last scene in which they were concerned on earth. Here they lie, side by side; the stern old warrior and his feeble victim might shake hands and exchange greetings.

"No stones marked the graves of these primitive nobles, but while the tribe still resided on the Buffalo Creek Reservation the graves of Red Jacket, Young King, Little Billy, Destroy Town, Twenty Canoes, Two Guns, Captain Pollard, John Snow, Old White-chief and others were pointed out to the curious traveler."

On the evening of the twenty-ninth day of December, 1863, the late Chief Strong, by invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association, delivered at St. James Hall, in the City of Buffalo, a lecture, the theme of which was Red Jacket. He concluded with an eloquent appeal, addressed to his white brethren, to rescue the remains of Red Jacket and other

¹ See Seaver's Life of Mary Jemison.



SENECA MISSION CHURCH,
Seneca Village, Western View.

eminent chiefs from threatened profanation and bury them in Forest Lawn Cemetery. This interesting paper was never published, and it is to be regretted that the manuscript was lost or destroyed. The *Buffalo Morning Express*, however, on the following morning reported a few of the concluding sentences of the address, and which were substantially as follows:

"* * * Thus perished the pride and glory of my people. His efforts to resist the advance of civilization among the Iroquois sprang from a mistaken patriotism. He knew not the irresistible power that impels its progress. The stalwart oak with its hundred arms could not hope to beat back the fierce tempest. He lived to see the power and glory of the confederate Iroquois culminate. He saw their friendship courted by the French and English monarchies, when those gigantic powers were grappling in a desperate struggle for supremacy in the new world. He lived to see his nation decline; its power, its influence, its numbers wasting away like spring snows on verdant hill-sides.

"I stand before you now in the last hours of a death-stricken people. A few summers ago our council fires lighted up the arches of the primeval wood which shadowed the spot where your city now stands. Its glades rang with the shouts of our hunters and the gleeful laugh of our maidens. The surface of yonder bay and river was seamed only by the feathery wake of our bark canoes. The smoke of our cabins curled skyward from slope and valley.

"To-night! to-night! I address you as an alien in the land of my fathers. I have no nation, no country, and, I might say, I have no kindred. All that we loved, and prized, and cherished, is yours. The land of the rushing river, the thundering cataract and the jeweled lakes is yours. All these broad blooming fields, those wooded hills and laughing valleys are yours—yours alone.

"I would I had the eloquence of Red Jacket that I might fitly speak of the wrongs and sorrows of my people. O, let your hearts be stirred with pity toward them, and when the spring violets blossom over my grave and that of the last of the Buffalo Senecas—as soon they will—let not our memory perish with us. * * * * *

"There is one boon we would ask of you. Gather up tenderly the bones of Red Jacket, Cornplanter, Young King, Pollard and their brother chieftains and bury them in yonder cemetery, where

the plow of the husbandman will not invade their repose. There, in sight of their own beautiful river, and under the shadow of the trees they loved so much, our sachems will sleep well.

"Within the limits of this city the great orator once said, 'But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends—not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a *small seat*. We took pity on them and granted their request, and they *sat down* amongst us. We gave them corn and meat.'

"Brothers of the pale race: We crave now, in our turn, but 'a small seat' in yonder domain of the dead!"

It is proper to state, in this connection, that the remains of Farmer's Brother, interred with military honors in the old village cemetery on Franklin square in 1812, were exhumed on the fifteenth day of October, 1851, and reburied in Forest Lawn Cemetery. A noble granite obelisk, on which his name, with those of many gallant soldiers who fell in the second war for independence, are inscribed, marks the spot.

Although Mr. Strong's appeal deeply affected his audience, moving many of them to tears, the project was allowed to slumber until September 22, 1876, when Mr. William C. Bryant, a member of the Board of Councilors of the B. H. Society, visited the Cattaraugus Reservation and laid the matter before the Council of the Seneca Nation, which was then convened there. Chief John Jacket, a grandson of the great orator—pipe in mouth, as became a grave Indian councilor—presided over the assemblage. After a full discussion of the subject, the assembled chiefs, by vote, gave the project their unqualified approval.

The Buffalo City Cemetery (Forest Lawn), it should be gratefully recorded, had, in a broad spirit of liberality some

years before, adopted a resolution to place at the disposition of the Historical Society a spacious lot in their beautiful grounds for the burial of the dead sachems and warriors.

On the second day of October, 1879, Messrs. O. H. Marshall and William C. Bryant, officers of the society, visited the reservation and obtained from their aged custodian the remains of Red Jacket, which thereafter and until their final sepulture in Forest Lawn, October 9, 1884, were deposited, inclosed in a plain pine box, in the vaults of the Western Savings Bank of Buffalo.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Historical Society, held at its rooms on the twenty-seventh day of March, 1884, a committee of fifteen members was appointed to make arrangements for the re-interment and ceremonies connected therewith, as well as locating the burial lot and collecting funds for the monument, head-stones, etc. This General Committee, pursuant to call of its president, William Dana Fobes, Esq., met on the following evening, and from its membership the following sub-committees were appointed:

Finance.—Gen. John C. Graves, William H. H. Newman, Hon. Philip Becker, Alonzo Richmond and William K. Allen.

Decorations.—Thomas B. French, George W. Townsend, General Graves.

Printing.—Townsend, Dr. Leon F. Harvey, Hon. James Sheldon.

Program.—Sheldon, W. C. Bryant, Hon. Lewis F. Allen, Becker and Graves.

Invitations and Correspondence.—Chas. B. Germain, Bryant, Sheldon.

Selection of Indian Chiefs for Interment, their History, etc.—Bryant, French and Sheldon.

Cemetery Grounds, etc.—Newman, John M. Hutchinson, Wm. K. Allen.

Monument.—Hon. Elias S. Hawley, Richmond, Germain.

Music.—Harvey, Hawley, Wm. K. Allen.

At this meeting the ninth day of October following was fixed as the date of the obsequies. It was resolved that delegates representing the whole of the ancient league of the Six Nations or Iroquois, resident in the State of New York, Canada and elsewhere, be invited to attend and participate in the ceremonies; which was afterwards done and favorable responses were received from Lt.-Col. Gilkison, Visiting Superintendent of the Six Nations in Canada, as well as from the chiefs at the Cattaraugus and Tuscarora Reservations. The order of exercises at the graves and at a commemorative meeting to be held in Music Hall in the evening was also determined.

The Finance Committee proceeded to solicit subscriptions necessary to carry out the plan and met with a generous response from the people of Buffalo. A list of the subscribers will be found in the Appendix No. 7, and although the amount was not sufficient to complete the monument it enabled the General Committee to build the foundation, erect the head-stones, and pay all the expenses of the Indian delegates and of the ceremonies.

The question of the lot in Forest Lawn was brought before the trustees of the cemetery, and they generously donated to the society the large and conspicuous plot near the main entrance, where the chiefs were interred. The lot is known as lot 1 in section 12 on the cemetery maps, and a diagram will be found in the Appendix No. 3 showing the location of monument, head-stones and graves.

The Committee on Program, by the advice of the General Committee, extended an invitation to the Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Utica, to deliver the oration at Music Hall, but received from him a letter of regrets, declining on the ground of ill health. His letter, which is of historical importance,

will be found in the Appendix No. 2. Subsequently, the committee extended an invitation to the Hon. George W. Clinton, of Albany, formerly of Buffalo, who consented to deliver the oration.

The Committee on Selection of Indian Chiefs for Interment made several visits to the old mission cemetery, of which mention has been made, accompanied by the venerable missionary, Mrs. Wright, and by aged Indians who had been long familiar with the locality, some of them related to Red Jacket by ties of blood or marriage. The leading men of the Senecas, before the removal of the tribe from the Buffalo Creek Reservation, lay in graves excavated in a small elevated area, at or near the center of the cemetery. The earth there is a dry loam. The graves were two or more feet deeper than it is the practice now to dig them. They uniformly faced the rising sun. Notwithstanding this sacred spot is the property of the Indians, consecrated to the repose of their dead and those of their faithful missionaries, it has been invaded by the whites, who have buried their deceased friends there in considerable numbers. It was found necessary to tunnel under many of these surreptitious graves in order to rescue the red proprietors who slumbered beneath the strange intruders. About forty graves in all were opened, and all the work was done under the supervision of Henry D. Farwell, Esq., the undertaker. Few, if any, articles were found with the remains, save an occasional pipe and the decayed fragments of blankets, broadcloth tunics, silken sashes and turbans, and beaded leggins and moccasins. Exception should be made in the instance of a very young child, whose little head was enwrapped in a voluminous silk handkerchief. In a silken knot close to its ear was a tiny, neatly-carved rattle of bone, and on its

breast, above the little folded hands, was a small and pretty porcelain drinking cup. But seven of the skeletons could be positively identified, namely, those of Young King, Destroy Town, Captain Pollard, his wife and his granddaughter, Tall Peter, and Little Billy, the war chief. Nine others, doubtless the remains of warriors famous in their day, were exhumed, buried with them at Forest Lawn, and will be designated as the undistinguished dead. The work of exhuming and re-interring the tenants of graves in other neglected Indian burial-grounds is contemplated, but was temporarily postponed for valid reasons.

An extract from the *Buffalo Courier* of Oct. 9, concerning the proceedings of the day before, will be found in the Appendix No. 4.

In the Appendix No. 5 will be found an extract from the *Buffalo Morning Express* of Oct. 7, 1884, with reference to the ceremonies, etc., of the occasion; also in Appendix No. 6 is an extract from the same paper of Oct. 8th.

An official list of the Indian delegates present, with their Indian names, will be found in the Appendix No. 1.

There will also be found in the Appendix various other matter, correspondence, poems, and extracts from papers, etc., of historical interest. See Index.

The following account of the proceedings is mainly extracted from the files of the *Daily Commercial Advertiser* of Oct. 9 and 10, 1884.

THE CEREMONIES AT FOREST LAWN

AND

COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES AT MUSIC HALL, ETC.

THURSDAY, October 9, 1884, was the day set apart by the Buffalo Historical Society for the final re-interment of the remains of Red Jacket, and other famous Indian chiefs, in the burial lot at Forest Lawn, donated for the purpose by the officers of the cemetery. The event is one of pathetic as well as historical interest, and the ceremonies tend to revive legends and stories of the times when the Indians were lords of the soil. It also recalls to the mind of the student many notable occurrences of early American history, not the least of which, perhaps, is the important part played by the confederation of the Iroquois, in preserving a great portion of North America from French domination.

“ By the treaty made at Ryswick,”
Saith Great Britain to the French king,
With her statesmen of wise foreheads,
Toward the setting sun far sighted,
“ Are the subtle, stately red men,
The leagued Iroquois Six Nations,
Our allies, and own the sceptre,
In the sinewy hand of England.
Where their bow or hatchet ruleth,
Roameth safe the British lion,
In the Adirondack gorges,
In Niagara's huge thunders,
In Ohio's crackling forests,
Croucheth fierce the British lion.”

Our readers have been kept informed, from time to time, of the preparations made by the Historical Society, and we need

not go over the ground again. The work has involved no little labor and effort on the part of the members of the society.

Wednesday afternoon the visiting Indians assembled at the rooms of the Historical Society and listened to addresses by Mr. William C. Bryant, himself a Seneca by adoption, and Gen. Ely S. Parker, of New York, one of the fifty sachems of the allied Six Nations. The latter's speech was especially interesting and affecting to the Indians present, and was interpreted in their dialect by his brother, Chief Nicholas H. Parker. A council was then organized to make final preparations for the burial ceremonies. At a few minutes before four o'clock the interpreter announced that the bearers selected for Red Jacket's casket were Chiefs Levi Jonathan, an Onondaga; Benjamin Carpenter, a Cayuga; Henry Clinch, an Oneida; John Fraser, a Mohawk; Moses Hill, a Tuscarora; and Andrew Snow, a Seneca. To bear the remains of Destroy Town were Chiefs John Buck, an Onondaga; Joseph Porter, an Oneida; Thomas Isaac, a Tuscarora; and Peter Powless, a Mohawk. Chiefs David Hill and John Hill, Senecas, Robert David, a Cayuga, the Rev. Zachariah Jemison, a Seneca, were selected to carry the casket of Young King. Chiefs Thomas Lay, Silver Smith, William Jones, and John Jacket, all Senecas, were chosen to bear Little Billy's remains; and Chief Nicholas Parker, a Seneca, John Mountpleasant, a Tuscarora, Thomas David and Thomas Jemison, Cayugas, to carry the bones of Tall Peter. A choir was also selected, and Chief John Buck, from Grand River, Canada, who is the hereditary custodian of the wampum belts of the Six Nations, was selected to deliver the address of condolence. The speakers for Music Hall this evening were announced as David Hill, a Seneca; Peter Powless, a Mohawk; John Buck, an Onondaga; and Henry Clinch, an Oneida.

The casket of Red Jacket was then opened for the last time, and each of the Indians present viewed the remains. It was then permanently closed and the council broke up.

Among those present were Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, of New York, who takes a great interest in all connected with the Indians. She was given, by Mrs. Jones, a silver button worn by the wife of Red Jacket. Mrs. Converse has written many poems of Indian lore and history. They are being revised by John G. Whittier, the poet, and will soon appear in book form.

Thursday morning, shortly after ten o'clock, the caskets were borne from the rooms of the society to the hearses in waiting on Court street, by the Indian bearers, who sang a dirge meanwhile in a mournful undertone. Many of the chiefs wore their native costume, and the scene was a very picturesque one. An immense crowd gathered, which was kept back by the efforts of several policemen. The long cortege of six hearses and seventy-five carriages moved out Main street to the cemetery. The carriages were occupied by the bearers and Indian guests and by members of the Historical Society, and many old and prominent citizens, besides a number of ladies.

The procession moved out Main street to Virginia, through to Delaware avenue, and thence to Forest Lawn Cemetery, where it arrived at 11.20. A large crowd of ladies and gentlemen had already assembled, and nearly two hundred vehicles were counted on the cemetery driveways. The location of the Indian lot is not far from the Delaware avenue entrance, on a level piece of ground. A temporary stand had been erected near the graves, and it was draped with the American colors. The row of graves, six in number, was in front of the grand stand. They were cut east and west, of uniform depth, but varying in length and breadth; that for the remains of Red Jacket being much larger than the others, so as to afford room for the stone casing. There was a pile of evergreens at the head of the graves. Captain Cable was on hand with a large force of patrolmen and rendered valuable assistance to the committee in preserving order and preventing the crowd

from encroaching on reserved space. The carriages and hearses drew up in front of the spot, the caskets were reverently lifted out and carried by the Indians to the graves, where they were gently placed on temporary girders over the excavations. Then the Indians stepped back, and fresh and fragrant flowers were laid on the caskets by the Misses Sheldon, daughters of Hon. James Sheldon, a prominent member of the Historical Society. The Indians were invited upon the platform and given front seats, and other chairs were taken by members of the society, their guests, and old and prominent citizens.

A more perfect October day could not be imagined. There was not a cloud in the sky; the sun shone bright and warm, and there was just enough wind to now and then stir the leaves on the trees and move the three American flags hoisted at the front of the platform. The beautiful cemetery, with its wealth of autumn foliage, never presented a more attractive appearance. The scene was a strange, solemn and impressive one, and will not soon be effaced from the minds of those who witnessed it. The packed stand, with the Indians in bright-colored garb prominent in the foreground, the empty graves, ready to receive the polished oak caskets with their precious contents, the thousand or more faces of those crowding around, and the array of vehicles of every description—all this went to make a unique and picturesque scene. Among those most conspicuous on the platform were Mr. William C. Bryant, Judge Sheldon, Miss Jessie Osborne, a granddaughter of Brant, chief of the Mohawks, two young ladies in black, the Misses Eva and Pauline Johnson, daughters of the late Mohawk chief George H. M. Johnson, of Chiefswood, near Brantford. The Indian in regular army uniform was Gen. Parker, who was military secretary of General Grant's staff during the war of the Rebellion. He sat next to his sister, Caroline Mountpleasant, whose husband, the head chief of the Tuscaroras, was by her side. Then there was John Buck, in citizen's dress, chief of the Onondagas, Nicholas Parker, brother of the gen-

eral and chief of the Senecas on the New York reservations. He was in full dress, with sash, tomahawk, head-gear, etc. The oldest Indian present was Andrew Snow, a warrior from the Cattaraugus Reservation. Another warrior from the same reservation in buck-skin suit, head-dress and a touch of paint on his cheeks, was Silver Smith. John Jacket, a Seneca chief, and William Nephew, grandson of the noted Seneca chief Black Snake, wore native costume. Levi Jonathan, chief of the Onondagas, and Chester C. Lay (Ho-do-an-joah—Bearing the Earth), United States interpreter, a Seneca Indian, were also pointed out.

When order and quiet was obtained, Mr. Bryant announced the order of exercises. They opened with a short prayer in the Seneca tongue by a native, the Rev. Mr. Jemison, a Christian minister. All the Indians covered their heads respectfully, while most of the spectators gazed curiously at the venerable-looking man speaking a strange language.

Mr. William Clement Bryant next delivered the following address :

MR. BRYANT'S ADDRESS.

Friends and Brethren :

The clamor of contending parties in a great political contest is calculated to absorb public attention to the exclusion of subjects of an ideal, historic or sentimental character. Amid the din and uproar of this strife for the spoils and honors of office, how few have eye or ear to perceive the pathos, the mournful significance of a scene like this. We are here to bury the aboriginal lords of the domain in which we dwell, and which is now all our own. They met our pioneer fathers in amity, and divided with them their slender store of corn and venison. They freely shed their blood for us on this frontier in the second war for independence. They are now nearly all wasted away, and the once proud and warlike Senecas will soon be classed with the tribes and races of men that were, but shall be no more.¹ Their history, and that of their kindred and confederate tribes, composing the Iroquois, or Six Nations, is inextricably

¹ There are very few Senecas of the full blood now living—perhaps less than a score. The white blood predominates in the veins of the majority of the "Nation."

interwoven with our earlier annals. They constituted the most gifted and powerful member of the American aboriginal family. For generations they formed an impregnable barrier against the restless, daring and ambitious designs of the French. Their fidelity and valor largely determined the destinies of a continent.

At the period of the breaking out of hostilities in the revolutionary war the Senecas had reached the highest state of tranquility and happiness which a savage race can be permitted to attain. The bulk of their population dwelt in the valley of the Genesee and on the shores of the contiguous lakes. The conditions here were exceedingly favorable to the growth of a vigorous race, even under the disadvantages and limitations incident to the hunter state. At the most favorable position in the temperate zone; with a climate equable and bracing; a land of billowy hills and blossomy vales; drained by a river whose annual overflow enriched broad belts of natural clearing, that in the autumn exulted in a luxuriant harvest of golden maize—a river which, with a short portage to the Ohio, gave their flotillas of birchen canoes access to the heart of a continent; diversified by sunless forests and wide stretches of cloud-flecked prairies,¹ whose solitude was enlivened by herds of deer and elk; spangled by lakes, whose crystal depths were populous with fishes and on whose placid bosoms innumerable wild fowl plumed their breasts—a region of marvelous beauty and fertility, the Genesee country has been aptly termed the paradise of the red men. The Indian's appreciation of its transcendent loveliness is embodied in the imperishable name which he bestowed upon it, Gennisheyo, the shining or beautiful valley.

The Senecas, at the middle of the eighteenth century, were slowly awakening from the spell of the hunter state. Their chief source of subsistence had ceased to be the precarious chase, and had become to a large extent the fruits of their own rude husbandry. From the early Jesuit missionaries they had obtained the seeds of the apple, peach and pear, and had surrounded their villages with thriving orchards. From the Dutch settlers on the distant Mohawk they had obtained cattle and horses, and had learned to prize these inestimable adjuncts of civilized life. They had imbibed from the same sources some rude notions of domestic architecture, and had learned to covet the comforts and conveniences of the dwellings reared by

¹ A large portion of Western New York was originally a prairie country. See Dwight's Travels; Spofford's Gazetteer; Marshall's La Salle, etc.

the pale-faces. A comparatively pure, spiritual, religious faith and the beneficent workings of their wonderful scheme of government, stimulated by their observation of the white man's manifold inventions, had begun to work a change in the condition and prospects of our indigenous population.

The Iroquois aimed at universal sovereignty, and one of the conditions of peace imposed by the haughty victors was total abstinence from war.¹ Acknowledged masters of the continent, the energies which had found exercise in war would naturally have turned to pursuits more consonant with peace. The process of transformation would have required centuries. But think of the long ages which witnessed the evolution of the modern Englishman from the painted savage whom Cæsar met in Britain.

Oratory was not alone a natural gift, but an art among the Iroquois. It enjoined painful study, unremitting practice and sedulous observation of the style and methods of the best masters. Red Jacket did not rely upon his native powers alone, but cultivated the art with the same assiduity that characterized the great Athenian orator. The Iroquois, as their earliest English historian observed, cultivated an attic or classic elegance of speech which entranced every ear among their red auditory.

Their language was flexible and sonorous, the sense largely depending upon inflection, copious in vowel sounds, abounding in metaphor; affording constant opportunity for the ingenious combination and construction of words to image delicate and varying shades of thought, and to express vehement manifestations of passion; admitting of greater and more sudden variations in pitch than is permissible in English oratory, and encouraging pantomimic gesture for greater force and effect. In other words, it was not a cold, artificial, mechanical medium for the expression of thought and emotion, or the concealment of either, but was constructed, as we may fancy, much as was the tuneful tongue spoken by our first parents who stood in even closer relations to nature.

That great incentive to eloquence, patriotism, was not lacking to these Ciceros of the wilds. No nation of which we have a record was dominated in a larger degree by this lofty sentiment. They were proud of their history and their achievements, devotedly attached to their institutions, and enthusiastic at the mention of the

¹ The name by which their constitution or organic law was known among them, was *Kayanerenh-Kowa*, THE GREAT PEACE.—*Hale's Book of Rites*, p. 33.

long line of chieftains and sages, who, from the era of Hi-a-wat-ha, had assisted in erecting this grand Indian empire. The time will come when the institutions, polity, eloquence and achievements of this remarkable people will be themes of study for the youth in our schools of learning. The unvarying courtesy, sobriety and dignity of their convocations led one of their learned Jesuit historians to liken them to the Roman senate.

We boast of our chivalric treatment and estimate of the feebler sex. We delight to measure our superiority over the nations of antiquity by this standard. The Indian woman cultivated the soil in a rude, primitive way, and performed a considerable amount of toil connected with their simple mode of life. She accepted her lot cheerfully and labored no harder than the wives of our average farmers and mechanics. She is represented in our popular histories as a drudge and slave to her haughty and lazy lord. The fact is far different. She was regarded as the only rightful owner of the soil. She was entitled to a voice in their counsels when emergencies arose affecting the weal of the nation, represented by a speaker of her own selection, a voice that was respectfully heeded and often proved potential and decisive. The children born to her belonged to her clan and not to that of her husband. In the event of a vacant chieftainship, it was the prerogative of the chief matron of the family to name the favored one who should be his successor. There is not an instance in history where the appeal which defenseless female virtue makes to the stronger sex, was disregarded by her Iroquois captors. Has our boasted civilization paid greater homage to the character of woman than did these generous barbarians?

The outbreak of the revolution did not alone check the new impulse among the Senecas toward progress; it was the signal for the downfall of the whole Iroquois confederacy. The Senecas, denying their ancient traditions, had wisely resolved upon a position of neutrality at the beginning of the contest. Partly by artifice, partly by fervent appeals to that covenant chain which had so long bound them to the British, they were induced to give their allegiance reluctantly to the latter. They had no concern in the quarrel, and the issue, if unfavorable to Britain, involved irretrievable disaster to her humble allies. The long and bloody war, the desolating campaign of Sullivan, signalized by the merciless destruction of their dwellings, orchards, crops, domestic animals and all their wealth, save the blackened soil; the winter of unexampled rigor that

followed, and which rendered recourse to the chase, as a means of subsistence, impossible, were fatal to the Seneca nation. The Mohawks and the bulk of the other confederate tribes, save the friendly Oneidas and the Senecas, followed the British flag to Canada. The remnant of the Senecas, through the humane intervention of Washington, were permitted to return and rake the embers from their devastated hearths, but they returned as vassals and no longer a sovereign nation.

Red Jacket returned with them. He was young when the war commenced. We can easily conjure up the figure of the youthful warrior from the shreds of tradition which have come down to us—an Indian Apollo, graceful, alert, quick-witted, fleet of foot, the favorite messenger of British officers to convey intelligence from one military post to another, and who bestowed upon him the traditional scarlet tunic, and caused him to be christened *Otetiani*, or "Always Ready." He acquired no distinction as a warrior during the revolutionary struggle, for he was born an orator, and, while morally brave, lacked the stolid insensibility to suffering and slaughter which characterized their war captains. We can imagine him, at the end of the war, grown older, wiser in experience and reflection, more ambitious and crafty, with greater confidence in his rich, natural gifts of logic, persuasion and invective, and attaining, by virtue of these attributes, the chief place of power and influence in his nation—alas! a peeled and broken nation. The repose, however, so essential to the recuperation of this wasted people was denied them. Every breeze wafted to the ears of the Indian hunter the ring of the white man's axe and the crash of falling trees. The restless feet of the pale-faces were on their track, first a slender stream of traders and adventurers, many of them seeking the far woodland solitudes as a shelter from outraged and pursuing justice; then a tide of immigrants ever waxing in volume until the Seneca territory was islanded by a sea of covetous, hungry pale-faces.

Red Jacket was no longer the petted though humble *Otetiani*, but the *Sagoyewatha* of his tribe; the "keeper-awake" of a broken, war-wasted people fast lapsing into that comatose state which only by a little precedes dissolution. He loved his people, who were still the proprietors of a magnificent domain. He yearned over them as a hunted lion over its whelps. The efforts of the "gamblers," as he aptly termed the land speculators, and the companies endowed with incomprehensible rights of pre-emption, to dispossess the ancient lords of the soil, lashed his soul into fury. He hated the enemies of

his people with fierce and unrelenting hatred, and he consecrated the remaining years of his life to the work of baffling their mercenary schemes. Inconceivably difficult was the task. He could neither read nor speak English, nor any other language spoken by the whites, and yet his speeches in council, mutilated fragments of which still remain, disclose an acute and lofty intellect, a vigorous understanding, a marvelous memory, an imagination and wit electric and phenomenal. His logic was as keen as a Damascus blade; he was a master of satire and invective; he thoroughly understood the windings and intricacies of what we term human nature. His denunciation had the terrible vehemence of the thunderbolt, and anon his oratory would be as grateful and caressing as the zephyrs of midsummer. Replying to Mr. Ogden, the head of the great Ogden Land Company, he exclaimed with ineffable scorn, "Did I not tell you the last time we met that whilst Red Jacket lived you would get no more land of the Indians? How, then, while you see him alive and strong," striking his hand violently on his breast, "do you think to make him a liar?"

Often the fierceness of his temper, the righteous indignation that swelled his bosom, impelled him to hurl defiance at his foes, and to use language the possible consequences of which caused the more timid and abject of his followers to tremble with apprehension. But Red Jacket would retract not a single word, although a majority of the chiefs would sometimes secretly deprecate the severity of his utterances. Again, on other occasions, sorely beset and almost despairing, he would essay to melt the hearts of the pitiless pursuers of his people, and give utterance to such touching words as these: "We first knew you a feeble plant which wanted a little earth whereon to grow. We gave it to you—and afterward, when we could have trod you under our feet, we watered and protected you, and now you have grown to be a mighty tree, whose top reaches the clouds, and whose branches overspread the whole land; whilst we, who were then the tall pine of the forest, have become the feeble plant, and need your protection."

Again, assuming the pleading tones of a suppliant, he said, "When you first came here, you clung around our knee, and called us *father*. We took you by the hand and called you *brothers*. You have grown greater than we, so that we no longer can reach up to your hand. But we wish to cling around your knee and be called *your children*."

Anon, pointing to some crippled warriors of the war of 1812,

among the Indian portion of his auditors, and, blazing with indignation, he exclaimed: " * * * It was not our quarrel. We knew not that you were right. We asked not. We cared not. It is enough for us that you were our brothers. We fought and bled for you. And now (pointing to some Indians who had been wounded in the contest), dare you pretend that our father, the president, while he sees our blood running yet fresh from the wounds received while fighting his battles, has sent you with a message to persuade us to relinquish the poor remains of our once boundless possessions—to sell the birthplace of our children, and the graves of our fathers? No! Sooner than believe that he gave you this message, we will believe that you have stolen your commission, and are a cheat and a liar!"

In debate Red Jacket proved himself the peer of the most adroit and able men with whom he was confronted. He had the provisions of every treaty between the Iroquois and the whites by heart. On a certain occasion, in a council at which Gov. Tompkins was present, a dispute arose as to the terms of a certain treaty. "You have forgotten," said the agent; "we have it written down on paper." "The paper then tells a lie," rejoined Red Jacket. "I have it written down here," he added, placing his hand with great dignity upon his brow. "This is the book the Great Spirit has given the Indian; it does not lie!" A reference was made to the treaty in question, when, to the astonishment of all present, the document confirmed every word the unlettered statesman had uttered. He was a man of resolute, indomitable will. He never acknowledged a defeat until every means of defense was exhausted. In his demeanor toward the whites he was dignified and generally reserved. He had an innate refinement and grace of manner that stamped him the true gentleman, because with him these virtues were inborn and not simulated or acquired. He would interrupt the mirthful conversation of his Indian companions by assuring their white host that the unintelligible talk and laughter to which he listened had no relevancy to their kind entertainer or their surroundings.

At the outset Red Jacket was disposed to welcome civilization and Christianity among his people, but he was not slow to observe that proximity to the whites inevitably tended toward the demoralization of the Senecas; that to preserve them from contamination they must be isolated from the influence of the superior race, all of whom, good and bad, he indiscriminately classed as Christians. He was

bitterly opposed by the missionaries and their converts. He could not always rely upon his constituency, torn as they were by dissensions, broken-spirited, careless of the future, impatient at any interruption of present gratification, and incapable of discerning, as he did, the terrible, inexorable destiny toward which they were slowly advancing.

In this unequal and pitiable struggle to preserve the inheritance and nationality of his people, his troubled and unhappy career drew slowly to its close. That keen and subtle intellect, that resolute soul which, David-like, unpanoplied, without arms or armor, save the simple ones that nature gave, dared encounter the Goliaths of the young republic, were dimmed and chilled at last. Advancing years and unfortunate excesses had accomplished their legitimate work.¹ The end to that clouded and melancholy career was fast approaching. But until the close, when death was imminent, he had no concern or thought which did not affect his people. He visited them from cabin to cabin, repeating his warnings and injunctions, the lessons of a life devoted to their interests, and bade them a last and affectionate farewell. He died calmly, like a philosopher, in the arms of the noble Christian woman who has made this society the custodian of his sacred relics. He was a phenomenon, a genius, with all the frailties and all the fascination which that word implies—in natural powers equal to any of the civilized race.

Granted that he was vain; granted that he sometimes dissembled like one of our modern statesmen; granted that toward the close of his unhappy life he partook too often of that Circean cup which has proved the bane of so many men of genius of every race, we cannot change our estimate of his greatness; he remains still the consummate orator, the resolute, unselfish patriot, the forest statesman centuries in advance of his race; the central figure in that little group of aboriginal heroes which stands out in lurid relief on the canvas of American history.

He has been fitly called "The last of the Senecas." His life was troubled and unhappy. There has been no rest allowed even to his bones in the lowly grave which should have been sacred and unprofaned. We now commit the mouldering relics of his humanity,

¹ My friend, Hon. Lewis F. Allen, criticises this expression, claiming that, while Red Jacket drank deeply at times, it was only occasional and never when public affairs demanded his attention; that the opprobrious word, drunkard, could not justly be applied to him. Consult Stone's *Life of Red Jacket*; also, *Publications Buffalo Historical Society*, vol. 1, p. 351 (Hon. Orlando Allen).

surrounded, as he wished, by those of kindred and friends, to their last resting-place. And here the dust of our antagonistic races will commingle undisturbed, until the final summons shall call alike, from "the ostentatious mausoleum of the white man and the humble grave of the Indian," the innumerable dead to one common judgment.

Chief John Buck, the hereditary "Keeper of the Wampum-belts," then arose, holding in his hand a belt of wampum kept by the Nation for over 200 years. The other Indians also arose. Chief Buck then sang in long, low mournful tones the following chant in the Onondaga language :

Now listen, ye who established the Great League,¹
 Now it has become old—
 Now there is nothing but wilderness,
 Ye are in your graves who established it—
 Ye have taken it with you, and have placed it under you.
 And there is nothing left but a desert.
 There you have taken your intellects with you.
 What ye established ye have taken with you.
 Ye have placed under your heads what ye established—
 The Great League.

Then the other chiefs joined in the chorus as follows, which is also given in the Indian tongue :

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Haih-haih ! | Woe ! Woe ! |
| Jig-atk-on-tek ! | Hearken ye ! |
| Ni-yon-Kha ! | We are diminished ! |
| Haih-haih ! | Woe ! Woe ! |
| Te-jos-ka-wa-yen-ton. | The clear land has become a thicket. |
| Haih-haih ! | Woe ! Woe ! |
| Ska-hen-ta-hen-yon. | The clear places are deserted. |
| Haih ! | Woe ! |
| Sha-tyher-artā— | They are in their graves— |
| Hot-yi-wis-ah-on-gwe— | They who established it— |
| Haih ! | Woe ! |
| Ka-yan-een-go-ha. | The Great League. |
| Ne-ti-ken-en-ho-nen | Yet they declared, |
| Ne-ne Ken-yoi-wat-at-ye— | It should endure— |
| Ka-yan-een-go-ha. | The Great League. |
| Haih ! | Woe ! |
| Wa-hai-wak-ay-on-nhe-ha. | Their work has grown old. |
| Haih ! | Woe ! |
| Net-ho-wat-yon-gwen-ten-the. | Thus we are become miserable. |

¹ The League of the Iroquois or Five Nations. Consult Morgan ; Hale's Book of Rites, a most admirable work ; Parkman, etc.

When they finished, some thirty representatives of the Six Nations marched down from the stand in Indian file, and ranged themselves by the sides of the caskets.

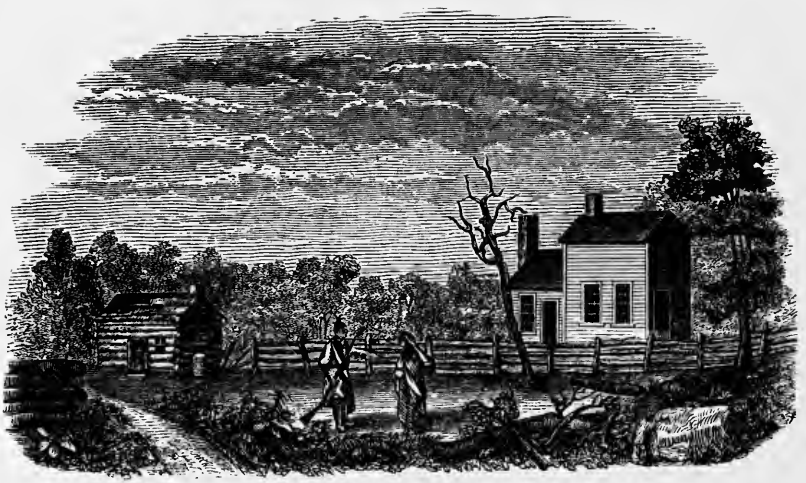
Chief Buck, who had been chosen to deliver the address of condolence, spoke in Onondaga for a few minutes, the other chiefs listening with bowed heads. The chant was again repeated. Many of the audience were moved to tears at the strange sight and melancholy sounds.

Chief John Jacket, a Seneca sachem, followed the lowering of the remains by a speech in Seneca, which was replied to by Chief Buck in the Onondaga tongue, and a benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Albert Anthony, a Delaware, from the Grand River Agency. This closed the exercises at the grave. The Indians, delegates and visitors then took carriages and were driven back to their homes.

COMMEMORATIVE EXERCISES

AT MUSIC HALL, THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9, 1884.

The Red Jacket commemorative exercises at Music Hall, Thursday evening, were attended by fully 3,000 people. The stage was occupied by the Indian chiefs in their picturesque costume, also by the officers of the Historical Society and a number of prominent citizens and ladies. The front of the stage was handsomely decorated with flowers and plants from Judge Sheldon's conservatory. An orchestra, selected for the occasion, furnished musical selections. Owing to the illness of the President, Stephen M. Clement, Esq., Vice-president of the Historical Society, presided. After a solo by Rev. A. Anthony, a Delaware Indian, Chief Judge Sheldon made a few introductory remarks as follows:



Red Jacket's House, Seneca Village. Residence of Jones, the Interpreter.

The Buffalo Historical Society, mindful ever of the trust reposed in it by a generous people, to gather and garner all material of history, conceived many years ago the work which this day has been successfully accomplished.

The officers of this society desire, in this public manner, to acknowledge the munificence of our citizens, and the interest and devotion of those whose labors have contributed to the result. Their reward is to be found, not only in the praise of all men in the present, but in the thanks of future generations of scholars and philosophers and historians. This day, and the memorial of all that is connected with it, has rescued from oblivion much that was essential to the truth of history, in regard to a race of the human family fast fading from the earth.

Four centuries ago, the existence of the continent of America was unknown to the civilized world. Its discoverers found it inhabited by many tribes and nations, differing in marked characteristics from the known inhabitants of the globe; as indigenous to the country as its flora and its fauna, but whose origin was lost in the most remote antiquity. From the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn, a state of complete or semi-barbarism prevailed, with the exception of the Aztecs of Mexico and the country of the Incas of Peru. Their civilization was, in all probability, developed in the long process of centuries, but if we judge from pre-historic remains found elsewhere upon the continent and the other recognized indicia, the barbarism of the tribes was not primeval. It seems to be well established, in fact and theory, that they were the sad remnants of nations who possessed a high civilization, long anterior to the times of Mexican or Peruvian development, but had fallen before some inexorable fate. And why not, when we know that the changes of centuries reduced the polished and powerful nations of the Grecian world to a state of vassallage and semi-barbarism, and even the glories and grandeur that centered at the Forum and the Coliseum, departed in the wreck of time?

We must leave these questions to the determination of learned ethnologists, and deal only with the well-known facts which have been ascertained and recorded by the explorers of our continent.

They found, existing where we now live, that remarkable confederacy of the Six Nations, or the Iroquois, whose representatives are gathered with us this day. The mere existence of such a league is an evidence of the fact that those who originated and formed it possessed political wisdom and statesmanship of a high order. It was

formed in the interests of peace and humanity to protect themselves by their union from the aggressions of other warlike and barbarous tribes, and maintain their integrity as a nation. Some master mind conceived and carried out the plan of such a confederation; some statesman like the great orator and chieftain, long ago enshrined in the temple of immortality, whose remains we have, reverently, this day laid in their last resting-place, amid the surroundings of the white man's civilization.

The history of the Iroquois, of their glory and their conquests, is a part of the history of our land, and will be perpetuated in the learned and philosophical orations which are pronounced to-day. Eventful day! the last occasion when the representative chieftains and sages and warriors of the mighty Iroquois will ever be assembled for the world to look upon with the sympathy and tenderness of our human nature. And that civilization which raises monuments to its heroes and statesmen and philosophers and perpetuates their name by undying memorials, has now done for those who lived and died without its pale, what barbarism never accomplished for its own.

We are not assembled to speak of the wrongs of the Indian race, in the struggles which have occurred for the possession of the new world. Yet some consolation may be derived from the certain improvement which has taken place among them, owing to the fostering care of governments, and the benevolent and humanitarian exertions which have tended to the amelioration of their condition, and their elevation in the scale of humanity. We know there are gathered here, upon this occasion, their representative men, who, in all that constitutes the dignity and nobility of human nature are the peers of the men of any civilization, and women, endowed with all the graces, and those qualities of tenderness and truth and divine self-abnegation, which glorify the female character.

It is for another to speak to us to-night, at length upon the topics proper for the occasion, one venerable and learned in all philosophy, beloved by all society, and who needs no introduction to a people who have so often honored him.

The venerable ex-Judge George W. Clinton was then introduced, and delivered the following historical address:

JUDGE CLINTON'S ADDRESS.

Mr. President :

The joy with which I revisit Buffalo—this city of my love—and exchange greetings with the very many friends who are so dear to me, is tempered by a grief, not without hope, for the beloved ones who have left us and sleep here in peace.

Friends my soul with joy remembers ;
 How like quivering flames they start,
 When I fan the dying embers
 Round the hearthstone of my heart !
 —*Longfellow's " River Charles."*

I am distressed, too, by a sense of my inadequacy to do due honor to this occasion, and justify your choice of an orator. How admirably Horatio Seymour, with his intimate knowledge of our old history, his literary excellence and his nice sense of justice, would have gratified your every expectation ! How easy, full, exact and noble beyond comparison would have been Orsamus H. Marshall's performance of a duty I shrink from, and would never have undertaken had I not so longed to see Buffalo once more. Buffalo must count him among her lost treasures and cherish his memory, for his life was fertile of good deeds and his works brought imperishable laurels to her brow. His life was lovely, his friendship a consolation and support.

The solemn proceedings we have this day participated in—the re-interment of Sa-go-ye-wath-a, the greatest Indian orator this continent has given birth to, and of so many distinguished chiefs and warriors of his nation, and of all the nameless recoverable remains of Senecas—excite mingled feelings of sadness and of satisfaction. Who can survey the ruins of a famous city, or traverse a war-depopulated land, or mark the decadence of a great nation, and not feel inclined to weep ? Who can behold the volunteer performance by private hands of a public duty ignored and neglected by the public, and not admire and bless the doers ? I dare not say that it was the clear and superior duty of New York to protect the ashes of these illustrious Senecas from further desecration and give them fitting monuments, but the state would have won, by the assumption of it, new honor. And it clearly was not the special and exclusive duty

of the Buffalo Historical Society and its friends to take this burthen upon themselves. The full, appropriate and reverent manner of its performance reflects honor upon the society. And I apprehend that the generous and appreciative action of the Buffalo Cemetery Association deserves a record as imperishable as the monument itself. Excuse me for remarking that, in my poor opinion, and in the judgment of many better men, the conduct of your society in this high matter cannot but win it fame and assure it a career of usefulness. The people of this great city, distinguished as it is for opulence and public spirit, cannot but render a cordial and efficient support to this society; not only as a social institution of incalculable value, but as one which, if successful in rescuing the fading facts of history from oblivion, will augment the glory of Buffalo. I have reason to believe that its archives are rich in unpublished matter. The papers of our late friend, Maris B. Pierce, are now its property, and will, undoubtedly, throw light upon the later history of his nation. The histories of the several nations of the great confederacy before, and, indeed, long after their league was formed through the influence of Hayenwatha (Hiawatha), is very far from clear; and their history since their first contact with the whites, so far as we have it written, is full of doubts, and gaps, and contradictions. Tradition, however helped by belts or pictures, dies out, especially in unlettered tribes constantly imperilled by migration and by war, and is apt to be degraded into fable and lapse into folk-lore. The disposition of the Indian to withhold his traditions from the white man, or to deliver them to him falsely, or with a biblical covering, has died out. Certainly we cannot believe that it exists, in the least degree, in the noble representatives of each and every of the Six Nations, and in the representative of the famous Lenape, who have this day cheered and gratified the society and the public with their presence and co-operation. They will, I doubt not, willingly and zealously aid the society in recovering whatever now remains unknown to it of their traditions and history, and in detecting falsehood and bringing truth to light.

I shall say little touching Red Jacket. His life has been written with an approach to fullness; and he has this day been spoken of with just appreciation, and with an eloquence I cannot hope to reach. The written remnants of his speeches which have come down to us hardly justify his fame as an orator; but their topics and matter, shorn, by translation, as they are, of fancy and of all the graces of

delivery, corroborate the assertion of the judicious white men who heard him that he was, beyond compare, the most eloquent of all Indian orators. In 1811 De Witt Clinton mentioned him as "an extraordinary orator who had arisen among the Senecas and attained the first distinctions by his eloquence." If he had been as brave as Farmer's Brother he would have been a giant indeed; with the wisdom of his great rival, the Cornplanter, he might have made his nation happy and secure in the paths of industry and peace. But he had no military talent; and, though he loved his nation and was intensely devoted to what he deemed its interests, he utterly mistook the paths that would have led it upward. Washington, in his speech of March, 1792, to the delegates of the Five Nations, assured them that he desired a firm and lasting peace, and that they should "partake of all the comforts of this earth which can be derived from civilized life, enriched by the possession of industry, virtue and knowledge," and that he trusted that "such judicious measures would then be concerted, to secure to them and their children these invaluable objects, as would afford them cause for rejoicing while they lived." Red Jacket, in his response, said, "We believe that the Great Spirit let this island drop down from above. We also believe in His superintendency of the whole island. It is He who gives peace and prosperity, and He also sends evil. But prosperity has been yours. American brothers! all the good which springs out of this island you enjoy. We, therefore, wish that we, and our children and our children's children, may partake with you in that enjoyment." And yet he inveterately opposed all measures, whether secular or holy, that could make them prosperous and happy.

His person was noble, his demeanor dignified, and the intonations of his voice and the graces of his gesture and delivery gave impressiveness to his matter. Albert H. Tracy, who saw him in council only after age and intemperance had enfeebled his powers, applied to him these lines of Milton:

"Deep on his front engraven,
Deliberation sat and public care,
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruins."

—*Paradise Lost*, II, 300.

Two somewhat varying accounts are given of his dying directions for his burial. In both, the substantial injunction is, that he should be interred among his people and in conformity with their customs. The account approved by Mr. Furniss and adopted by Mr. Conover

is beautiful, and so accordant with the character of the man that I must quote it. When upon his death-bed, in parting with his Christian wife, he said: "When I am dead it will be noised about through all the world. They will hear of it across the waters and say, 'Red Jacket, the great orator, is dead.' * * Clothe me in my simplest dress, put on my leggins and my moccasins, and hang around my neck the cross I have worn so long and let it lie upon my bosom—then bury me among my people. * * Your minister says the dead will rise. Perhaps they will. If they do, I wish to rise with my old comrades. I do not wish to rise with pale-faces. I wish to be surrounded by red men." His last wishes have been consulted. The bones of the mighty orator have been rescued from neglect and impending degradation and re-entombed, with mournful ceremonies, by his own people, and he now lies among his old comrades, awaiting the resurrection.

We all are children of our Great Father, the Almighty God, Creator of all things. All of us, as were all our ancestors, however remote, are selfish and sinful, and need what He has vouchsafed us—the revelation of His will and the strength and the example of the Saviour. Let us acknowledge these great truths and live in mutual kindness and benefaction forever!

Of course, the so-called tradition of the Senecas that the original people of their nation sprung from the crest of Ge-nun-de-wah-gah, the Great Hill at the head of the Canandaigua Lake, is not a myth, for it covers no meaning and shadows forth no fact in their history. Like all other such stories, it was an invention of some Indian mother, handed down for the entertainment of the children, and never gained credit in the nation.

The better theory is that God created a primal couple and endowed the race with the same power with which He endowed, though in a less degree, the horse, the dog, the cat, the ox, the fowls, and other animals, which He designed to be the servants and familiars of mankind—the power of varying and adapting himself to climate and to circumstance, as he moved on in his migrations, to conquer and to occupy the whole habitable world. I know not that any nation of the Aquanuschioni has any tradition or fixed belief of its origin, or when and whence it reached America, or of its migrations. We must remember that without letters history is impossible. Belts, picture writings and mounds of earth and stone are all perishable, and traditions dependent on them for endurance must, in a few years

or ages, fade away and perish. We must remember, too, that the Iroquois could count but very little, if any, beyond their fingers; and, of course, they had no era to date from and no record of the years and centuries. Hence their history, prior to its interblending with that of the whites, is, in the main, dark and confused. It is most likely that they and all the peoples of our hemisphere derived their origin from Asia. The traditions of the Lenape, as recorded by Heckewelder, may be true—the tradition that they and the Iroquois or Mengwes came from far west, crossed the Mississippi together, expelled the Mound-builders east of it, and so eventually won their ancient seats. But one fact seems clear, and that is that the Five Nations, though so near in blood and almost identical in language, in customs and in spirit, were but fitfully at peace, and waged bloody and demoralizing wars with each other until Hiawatha, than whom the human race has never produced a wiser statesman, in some uncertain time, but probably in about 1460, induced them to form their confederacy, and so laid, broad and deep, the foundations of all their greatness. Their union gave them a strength which defied all invaders. When assailed they were as compact and indomitable as the Macedonian phalanx. They conquered very widely and made far distant nations their tributaries. They united policy with power, and replenished their members, when thinned by war, by adopting the fittest of their captives. They were the Romans of this continent—Romans of a stone age. If they had had iron and letters, they would have conquered North America, and advanced in mechanic arts and all the sciences, perhaps repelled the intruding white man and carried peaceful commerce or revengeful war across the broad Atlantic. And when they had run through the common course of all the ancient nations and fallen through luxury and sin, they would have left the world the records of a history as full of moving incidents and heroic acts as that of Greece or Rome. But, while this great but savage confederacy was in the dawn of its glory and advancement, the white man came, and the Iroquois were no longer the Ongwe Honwee of the land. The white man gave them arms and clothing for their furs and tendered them letters and religion; but they also brought them rum, won lands from them by fraud or force, made them dependents and kept them occupied in war. Ah me! it was cruel in Great Britain and France to foster their red children's appetite for war. Their protection was such "as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them."

I recall with pride the fact that at the outbreak of the Revolution and of the war of 1812 efforts of this state and of the confederated states were employed to bind the red men to neutrality. But, alas! they were armed and incited to war by Great Britain; and yet Great Britain, when she recognized our independence, forgot her Indian allies within our boundaries and made no provision for their safety. Red Jacket said, "When you Americans and the king made peace he did not mention us and showed us no compassion, notwithstanding all he had said to us and all we had suffered. This has been the occasion of great sorrow and loss to us, the Five Nations. When you and he settled the peace between you two great nations he never asked us for a delegation to attend to our interests." So, in the long state of bitter feeling between our country and Great Britain, during her retention of our frontier posts, she egged the Indians on to war with us, in the hope of their making the Ohio a part of our northern boundary. Then, and long before that time, some of the Indian tribes realized that, to their own great loss and danger, Great Britain, in her selfish policy, was bribing them to fight battles not their own. Heckewelder was right in his high estimate of the shrewdness and eloquence of the speech of Captain Pipe, the Delaware, in December, 1801, to the British commandant at Detroit, at whose instance he had made war against the Long Knives. He told him expressly that the whites had got up a war among themselves and ought themselves to wage it; that the British had compelled their red children to take up the hatchet and join in a war for which they had no cause or inclination, and intimated his conviction that the British would make peace and throw their then useless tools aside.

But to return to the Iroquois. In their early and palmy state they command our admiration, even as they now, when fallen so far below it, command our sympathy and love. They were, indeed, fierce and cruel, but not more so than the fathers and progenitors of the European nations were even after they had attained iron and had letters. Recall the rude, barbarian hordes who created primal Greece and Rome; think of the death of Regulus by Carthaginian hands; of the swarms from the Scandinavian hive that peopled Gaul and revived all Europe; of man's inhumanity to man in all times and all nations; and can we render judgment of peculiar condemnation against the Iroquois because they warred by ambush and surprise, scalped those who fell beneath their hatchet and tortured their prisoners? In the white man's wars against them he, too, not in-

frequently tore the scalp from the head of his red enemy and tucked it under his belt. In August, 1778, when Charles Smith, a troublesome emissary of the enemy, was shot by a party of riflemen belonging to the force of Col. William Butler, in command at Schoharie, they brought in his scalp and it was sent to Gen. Stark, the then commandant at Albany. (Clinton Papers, 1639 and 1650.) We did not wholly humanize the Indians who were our friends in the war of the Revolution. The Oneidas and Tuscaroras, in September, 1778, in giving to Major Cochran, then commanding at Fort Schuyler, an account of their descent upon Butternuts and Unadilla, delivered to him some prisoners and declared that they did not take scalps. But when, in November, 1781, Major Ross's command had been defeated by Col. Willett near Johnstown, and was fleeing with desperate haste into the wilderness, an Oneida slew the infamous Walter Butler, at a ford of the West Canada Creek, and scalped him. You will remember, too, that at the council of 1790, at Tioga Point, when Thomas Morris was adopted by the Senecas, under Red Jacket's original name of Otetiani, or Always Ready, a foolish Oneida, as he struck the post during the ceremonies of the initiation, boasted of the number of scalps his nation had taken in the war of the Revolution, and so provoked the Senecas to boast of the number of scalps of the Oneidas they had taken, and to call them cowards. (Stone's *Life of Red Jacket*, pp. 41-44.)

But it behooves us to remember that the Iroquois were hired to war against us, and hounded on to the perpetration of those atrocities by white men; and that, apart from war, to which they were too often impelled, as were the warlike nations of antiquity, by mere ambition and the lust of fame, they were generous and humane. Their councils were models of decorous and dignified debate. Their policy was far-seeing and tended to the assertion of wide-stretching peace. They planted colonies, and, while their blows were terrible and they exacted tribute from the conquered, war ceased with conquest, and the light tribute guaranteed protection.

Of their eloquence I have said something, but I must add that Logan, the Mingo chief, whose celebrated speech was declared by Jefferson to be unexcelled by anything in the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero, or of any European orator, was a Cayuga, though he lived apart from his nation. But transcendent eloquence was the common property of the Five Nations. What a masterly, nervous and cutting speech was that of the Onondaga chief, whom La Hontan

calls the Grangula, to M. de la Barre, at the Bay of Famine, in August, 1684! How proud and defiant was his declaration, as the mouthpiece of the Five Nations, and especially of the Senecas, to the French governor who came complaining of the Senecas and threatening war! "We have conducted the English to our lakes in order to trade with the Outawas and the Hurons, just as the Algonquins conducted the French to our Five Cantons, in order to carry on a commerce which the English claimed as their right. We are born freemen, and have no dependence either upon the Onontio or the Corlaer. We have power to go where we please, to conduct whom we will to the places we resort to, and to buy and sell where we think fit. If your allies are your slaves or children you may treat them as such, and rob them of the liberty of entertaining any nation but your own."¹ What pathos there is in the memorial of Cornplanter, Halftown and Big Tree, of December 2, 1790, addressed to Washington and complaining of the purchases of Phelps and Livingston as fraudulent: "Father! you have said that we are in your hand and that, by closing it, you can crush us. Are you determined to crush us? If you are, tell us so, that those of our nation who have become your children and have determined to die so may know what to do. In this case, one chief has said he would ask you to put him out of pain. Another, who will not think of dying by the hand of his father or of his brother, has said he will retire to the Chautauqua, eat of the fatal root, and sleep with his fathers in peace. Before you determine on a measure so unjust, look up to God, who made us as well as you!" (Clinton MSS., 6,077.) How grand, how touching! And yet, O Senecas! you have permitted the names of these two chiefs, so worthy of remembrance, to perish.

The Iroquois appreciated the worth of woman and gave her a high place in their counsels. In 1789, at Albany, Good Peter, in his speech for the Cayugas and Senecas to the governor and the Commissioners of Indian Affairs, said, "Our ancestors considered it

¹ The Grangula who delivered this speech was, most probably, the Hotrehouati, or Hateouati, of de la Barre (IX Col. Doc., 243, 236), whose speech, as recorded in de la Barre's return of his proceedings to his sovereign (IX Col. Doc., 237) is very different from the one recorded by La Hontan, and was made up, I think, to salve the mortification of the French commandant and gratify his king. Mr. Bryant informs me that Grangula was a title applied to a great chief and, consequently, Dr. C. Callaghan (IX Col. Doc., 243) was mistaken in his assertion that it was merely the Latinization by La Hontan of *Grande Gueule*, the name given by the French to Outreauati. (See Appendix, title Garangula.)

a great transgression to reject the counsel of their women, particularly of the governesses. Our ancestors considered them mistresses of the soil. Our ancestors said, 'Who bring us forth? Who cultivate our lands? Who kindle our fires and boil our pots but the women. * * The women say, let not the traditions of the fathers with respect to women be disregarded; let them not be despised; God is their maker.' * * The female governesses beg leave to speak with that freedom allowable to women and agreeable to the spirit of our ancestors. They exhort the great chief to put forth his strength and preserve their peace, for they are the life of the nation." And when the Senecas at Big Tree, in 1797, refused to negotiate with Thomas Morris, and Red Jacket, with undue haste, had declared the council fire covered up, the women and the warriors interposed and consummated a treaty. Its women are, indeed, the life of every aggregation of mankind, and the true gauge of the worth and dignity of every tribe and nation of the earth is the standing and the influence of its women. Maltreatment and contempt may degrade their women; women grow pure and loving through reasonable reverence and so strengthen and elevate the men.

In general, the men of the Five Nations were, and still are, noble in person, and the young men especially were and are classical in form and feature. Hence it was that when West, the great American painter, first saw the Apollo Belvidere he exclaimed: "How like a young Mohawk warrior!" I can readily accept the tradition that their women, like the women of all peoples, by far excelled the men in grace and beauty, because in the present I perceive its truth. Certainly, a young Iroquois maiden of uncontaminated blood, just entered upon womanhood, unworn by harsh and unbefitting labor, pure as unclouded heaven, and with the words of her nation dropping from her tongue like the low tinklings of a harp, is beautiful exceedingly.

Very many of the Iroquois, women as well as men, had exhibited intellectual power and broad philanthropy, but, if legends be true, the name of none of them was held in reverence by all the Indians as was that of Tamanund. But all aboriginal America, in my humble judgment, does not furnish to us a name so worthy of undying reverence as that of Hiawatha, the statesman and lover of peace, who framed the League of the Five Nations, secured its adoption and started the confederacy on its glorious career.

But I must cease my vain attempts to paint these nations as they

were in the olden time, and turn abruptly to the present. We are your brothers, O Iroquois, and it is in sorrow and not in exultation, and solely with a hope of arousing you to righteous and effectual effort to regain the prosperity of the past, that I ask you to look your present condition and prospects in the face. And now, Iroquois brothers of Canada, I beg you to take notice that this statement and all the remarks that may follow it are addressed to the Iroquois within this state. You are under a different government, and I am glad in the belief that your condition is much happier than theirs. But you and they are one, and we Americans are brothers and friends of both.

The Iroquois can no longer arrogate to themselves the title of Ongwe Honwee. In 1811 De Witt Clinton wrote thus: "The Six Nations have lost their high character and standing. * * Their old men who witnessed the former glory and prosperity of their country, and who have heard from the mouths of their ancestors the heroic achievements of their countrymen, weep like infants when they speak of the fallen condition of the nation. They, however, derive some consolation from a prophecy of ancient origin and universal currency among them, that the man of America will, at some future time, regain his ancient ascendancy and expel the man of Europe from this Western Hemisphere." At this day such a hope is futile. Even the Seneca has lost, I trust, his insane appetite for war. The man of Europe covers the continent. The man of America is represented by tribes and nations, feeble of themselves and relying for protection upon the man of Europe. At the outset of the war of the Revolution the Mohawks retired to Canada, and the Eastern Door of the Long House was broken down forever. After the close of that war the main body of the Cayugas also went to Canada. The Onondagas have been reduced to a feeble remnant. The Western Door is gone. The Long House has been swept away, and there is naught left of it but some poor, dispersed, decaying fragments. The broken bands that are left within the state are bereft of all that the Long House covered, save some petty reservations. The population of the state in 1794 was about 340,000, and that of the United States was about 4,000,000. The population of New York four years ago was 5,000,000, and that of the United States was 50,000,000. In 1794, when the Treaty of Canandaigua was being considered, you spoke of the Council of Thirteen Fires, and that Council is now one of Thirty-eight Fires, and eight more are

being built. There is no possibility of retrieving the power of the Six Nations by war. Never, in the hereafter, can they or any of them wage an independent war on their own account. If they go to war at all—which may the good God forbid!—it must be as auxiliaries of the great powers that shelter them. The contracted reservations yield little or no game. You must till the ground and engage in mechanical employments. Some white men are continually seeking to prey upon you, and others are constant in your defense. You have friends and protectors in great numbers and of great apparent power; but, alas! you are dwindling, and it would seem that some of your nations must ere long vanish in the mass of white men or become utterly extinct.

I am very glad to believe that the State of New York and the United States have always been and are friends of the Iroquois. Brothers of the Seneca Nation! have you forgotten how, in or about 1784, when you had been persuaded to “execute a deed for your whole country * * and had sold the burial-places of your fathers, and the bones and ashes of your ancestors, and had not reserved land sufficient to lay down your head or kindle a fire upon,” the State of New York interposed, in vindication of its just dignity, and gave you complete relief? Did not De Witt Clinton, the then governor of the state, write thus to you in 1820: “Brothers! this state will protect you in the full enjoyment of your property. We are strong and will shield you from oppression. The Great Spirit looks down on the conduct of mankind and will punish us if we permit the remnant of the Indian nations which is with us to be injured. We feel for you, brothers, and we shall watch over your interests. We know that in a future state we shall be called upon to answer for our conduct to our fellow-creatures.” The state has always felt her solemn responsibility and that promise so given for her. The Report of the Joint Committee of Four Yearly Meetings of the Friends certified thus in 1847: “The uniform justice and compassion of New York towards the Six Nations who were located on its territory presents, in retrospect, one of the most pleasant scenes on the pages of our history.” It has exerted its power to protect you in the possession of your lands and to keep out intruders; to incite you to advances in knowledge and to the practices of industry; it gave you a charter, under which, as a distinct people, you exercise all the powers of self-government consistent with your condition. The Society of Friends have been your constant advisers and benefactors.

All Christian men, and all wise and conscientious men who have been or are your neighbors, have been and are anxious for your happiness and safety. Surely you have not forgotten Thomas C. Love and Thomas A. Osborne, your warm and judicious friends; nor the Rev. Asher Wright, who resided with you so long and worked so zealously for your salvation. But, notwithstanding all this active friendship and strong protection, the nation has been almost continually harassed, and has not made advances that hold forth reasonable assurance of future progress. Who can effectually protect you and your possessions from sordid and rapacious white men? The laws and denunciations of the state and nation are as ineffectual as is the brute thunder to deter a pack of wolves from tearing down a deer at bay. Nothing but a just sense of your own worth and dignity as men, and the grace of the Christian's God, can shield you from the temptations which, when triumphant, sink us below the level of the beasts that perish.

Brothers! The plain and simple truth is this: All this sympathy and friendship, and all the aid and protection our governments can give you, must be as ineffectual to save you as is a zephyr to uproot a sturdy oak, if you do not rouse yourselves to a sense of your own worth as men, and your dignity as Iroquois, and resolve to protect yourselves. True friendship must say to you, "Awake! Arise! or be forever fallen!"

Brothers! Ask yourselves whether you retain your ancestral reverence for woman, a reverence without which you cannot rise. Your territory is very small, your numbers inconsiderable. What hope can there be of doing great actions and winning fame on so contracted a theatre? Can any one of you, however gifted by nature, stay in and devote himself to his little country and win glory in art or arms or expanded usefulness? If ambitious, must he not, like Donehogawa, your chief sachem, leave you and his petty country in order to do such deeds as gave him wide honor and high distinction. That honor and distinction which make him a man of mark in the United States tends to prove that the Senecas are not degenerate nor wanting in native power.

Brothers! May I not truly conclude that your lack of ambition and despondency spring wholly from your position as a people cooped up and confined in an alien and powerful nation of widely different institutions, and the sense that upon that nation you are dependent; that you lie in the hollow of its hand; that it can close

it and crush you in an instant, while you cannot have the least effect upon it or its fortunes. The high spirit of the men whose remains you have this day placed safely in old mother earth would have revolted at such a state of things. They would have sought escape from it; and the only escape from it that I can perceive is citizenship. Your lineage is illustrious, and if, as I believe, you have inherited its intellect and courage, you will arouse yourselves, cast despondency aside, and repel the wolves that threaten your existence; you will seek advancement in knowledge, cherish purity of morals and belief, and so prove yourselves worthy of and win American citizenship. Your country will then be bounded by the great oceans and nearly cover a continent. You will have an almost limitless field for the exercise of intellect and the exhibition of science, and have fit and abundant fields for the display of your hereditary eloquence. Can you doubt that Hiawatha, or Ototarho, or Joseph Brant, or Red Jacket, or Logan, or Cornplanter, or Farmer's Brother would have played a grand part in such a field. There is not a living thing, from the lordly buffalo to the smallest fly—not a beast, a bird, a fish, a reptile, an insect or a worm that does not show forethought and take pains to secure the safety and the comfort of its offspring; yea, some of the most timid draw courage from love and die in their defense. You are invoked, not merely to take care of your own interests, but also to secure happiness and honor to your children and your children's children forever. In attaining the dignity of American citizenship you need not make any substantial sacrifice. You may, and, I think, ought to retain your organization as Senecas and hold fast to your lands, and be true to the old League of the Iroquois, at least as a band of social union. I read, indeed, that the confederation is broken, and that the league has perished. If that be true, still there is every reason that the remnants of the Six Nations should be reunited by the strong bond of their ancient common glory and a sense of the closeness of their brotherhood and remain Aquanuschioni forever. I am glad to find that the Onondagas and the Mohawks keep the compact made when the league was formed. Atotarho, the representative of the old emperor of the Five Nations, wears not the grim visage and bears not the matted crown of threatening snakes that Cusick gave him, but brings with him peace to all and brotherly enjoyment; Hiawatha, too, honors this assembly with his presence, and perpetuates also the honored name of David Thomas.

And now, brothers of the Iroquois, I must express a wish which

lies close to my heart. I wish that every unpublished and recoverable fact of your grand and eventful history should be recovered and given to the world. You have no truer friend than he who is the Gazing-at-the-Fire of your Senecas and the Bright Sky of your Mohawks, and there is not in Buffalo nor, I believe, anywhere a man who would be so zealous in searching for the hidden facts of your history, and so competent to arrange and annotate and give them to the world; and my heart's desire is that you should encourage him to the undertaking and give him your countenance and aid.

I am an old and weary man, and very few, if any of you, will ever see my face again, and I shrink from the pain of parting. But I cannot say farewell without again declaring that this final disposition by us of the mortal remains of Sagoyewatha and his comrades, sanctioned and participated in, not only by all the Senecas and by all the other Iroquois, is a solemn recognition of our common brotherhood. These remains now rest in close companionship, and near and around them repose those of Love, Tracy, Fillmore, Hall, good Doctor Shelton and many others of their white admirers and friends, so that when the Redeemer shall come in glory and the last trump sounds, and the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, those white men and those red men may assume their spiritual bodies and rise together, hymning their gratitude to God, and enter heaven in company. Farewell!

After musical selections rendered by Wahle's orchestra, Chief John Jacket addressed the audience in the Seneca language, expressing the thanks of the family and people for their generous reception by their white brethren; and said that but for the lateness of the hour several of the Indian chiefs present would have been pleased to deliver addresses appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. William C. Bryant then introduced General Ely S. Parker, Sachem of the Six Nations, as being a striking example of what Christianity and civilization could effect in developing the character and genius of the Iroquois.

General Parker then spoke, without notes, substantially as follows:

*Mr. President, Officers and Members of the Buffalo Historical Society,
and Ladies and Gentlemen of the City of Buffalo :*

I regret the lateness of the hour at which I am called to speak to you, as the Indian question is an almost inexhaustible one, and I hardly know where to begin or where to end. It is a broad and complicated subject, and I can add but little to the very able, interesting and eloquent address delivered this evening on the Iroquois Indians and Red Jacket, the chief and orator. I also realize that you are exhausted from your long sitting, hence I promise you to be as brief as possible in what I say, a task, however, that I may find difficult to accomplish.

Much has been said and written of the Iroquois people. All agree that they once owned and occupied the whole country now constituting the State of New York. They reached from the Hudson on the east to the lakes on the west, and claimed much conquered territory.

I desire only to direct attention to one phase of their character, which, in my judgment, has never been brought out with sufficient force and clearness, and that is, their fidelity to their obligations and the tenacity with which they held to their allegiance when once it was placed. More than two hundred and fifty years ago, when the Iroquois were in the zenith of their power and glory, the French made the mistake of assisting the northern Indians with whom the Iroquois were at war. They never forgot or forgave the French for the aid they gave their Indian enemies, and the French were never afterward able to gain their friendship. About the same time the Holland Dutch came up the Hudson, and though perhaps they were no wiser than their French neighbors they certainly pursued a wiser policy by securing the friendship of the Iroquois. The Indians remained true to their allegiance until the Dutch were superseded by the English, when they also transferred their allegiance to the new comers. They remained steadfast to the faith they had given, and assisted the English people to put down the rebellion of the American colonies against the mother government. The colonies succeeded in gaining their independence and establishing a government to their liking, but in the treaty of peace which followed the English entirely ignored and forgot their Indian allies, leaving them to shift for themselves. A portion of the Iroquois, under Captain Brant, followed the fortunes of the English into Canada, where they

have since been well cared for by the provincial and home governments. Those who remained in the United States continued to struggle for their homes and the integrity of what they considered their ancient and just rights. The aid, however, which they had given against the cause of the American Revolution had been so strong as to leave an intense burning hostility to them in the minds of the American people, and to allay this feeling and to settle for all time the question of rights as between the Indians and the whites, General Washington was compelled to order an expedition into the Indian country of New York to break the Indian power. This expedition was under command of General Sullivan. The Indians left to themselves and bereft of British aid made Sullivan's success an easy one. He drove them from their homes, destroyed and burnt their villages, cut down their corn-fields and orchards, leaving the poor Indians homeless, houseless and destitute. We have been told this evening that the "Long House" of the Iroquois had been broken. It was indeed truly broken by Sullivan's invasion. It was so completely broken that never again will the "Long House" be reconstructed.

The Indians sued for peace. They were now at the mercy of General Washington and the American people. A peace was granted them, and small homes allowed in the vast domains they once claimed as absolutely and wholly theirs by the highest title known among men, viz., by the gift of God. The mercy of the American people granted them the right to occupy and cultivate certain lands until some one stronger wanted them. They hold their homes to-day by no other title than that of occupancy, although some Indian bands have bought and paid for the lands they reside upon the same as you, my friends, have bought and paid for the farms you live upon. The Indian mind has never to this day been able to comprehend how it is that he has been compelled to buy and pay for that which has descended to him from time immemorial, and which his ancestors had taught him was the gift of the Great Spirit to him and his posterity forever. It was an anomaly in civilized law far beyond his reasoning powers.

In the treaty of peace concluded after Sullivan's campaign the remnants of the Iroquois transferred their allegiance to the United States, and to that allegiance they have remained firm and true to this day. They stood side by side with you in the last war with Great Britain, in the defense of this frontier, and fought battles

under the leadership of the able and gallant General Scott. Again, the sons of the Iroquois marched shoulder to shoulder with you, your fathers, your husbands and your sons in the last great Rebellion of the South, and used, with you, their best endeavors to maintain the inviolability and integrity of the American constitution, to preserve unsullied the purity of the American flag, and to wipe out forever from every foot of American soil the curse of human slavery. Such, in brief, has been their fidelity to their allegiance.

It was during the troublous times of the American Revolution that Red Jacket's name first appears. He is mentioned as a messenger, or bearer of dispatches, or runner, for the British. He subsequently appears at the treaty of peace, and at all treaties and councils of importance his name is always prominent. He was a devoted lover of his people, and he labored hard for the recognition and restoration to his people of their ancient rights, but in which he was unsuccessful. His political creed did not embrace that peculiar doctrine now so strongly believed in, that "to the victors belong the spoils." He did not know that the Sullivan campaign had taken from his people all the vested rights which God had given them, and when, subsequently, he was made to understand that a pre-emptive title hung over the homes of his people he was amazed at the audacity of the white man's law which permitted and sanctioned the sale and transfer by one person to another of rights never owned and of properties never seen. From the bottom of my heart I believe that Red Jacket was a true Indian and a most thorough pagan. He used all the powers of his eloquence in opposition to the introduction of civilization and Christianity among his people. In this, as in many other things, he signally failed. So persistent and tenacious was he in his hostility to the white man and his ways and methods that one of his last requests is said to have been that white men should not dig his grave and that white men should not bury him. But how forcibly now comes to us the verity and strength of the saying that "man proposes, but God disposes." Red Jacket had proposed that his remains should lie buried and undisturbed in the burial-place of his fathers. Very soon after his death his people removed from their old lands to other homes. Red Jacket's grave remained unprotected, and ere long was desecrated. Then God put it into the hearts of these good men of the Buffalo Historical Society to take charge of his remains, give him a decent burial in a white man's graveyard, and over his grave to erect a monument which

should tell his story to all future generations. We have this day witnessed and participated in the culmination of their labors. Red Jacket has been honorably reburied with solemn and ancient rites, and may his remains rest there in peace until time shall be no more. While a silent spectator of the ceremonies to-day, the words of the blessed Saviour forcibly presented themselves to my mind, "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." I applied this saying to the Indian race. They have been buffeted from pillar to post. They once owned much, but now have hardly anything they can call their own. While living they are not let alone—when dead they are not left unmolested.

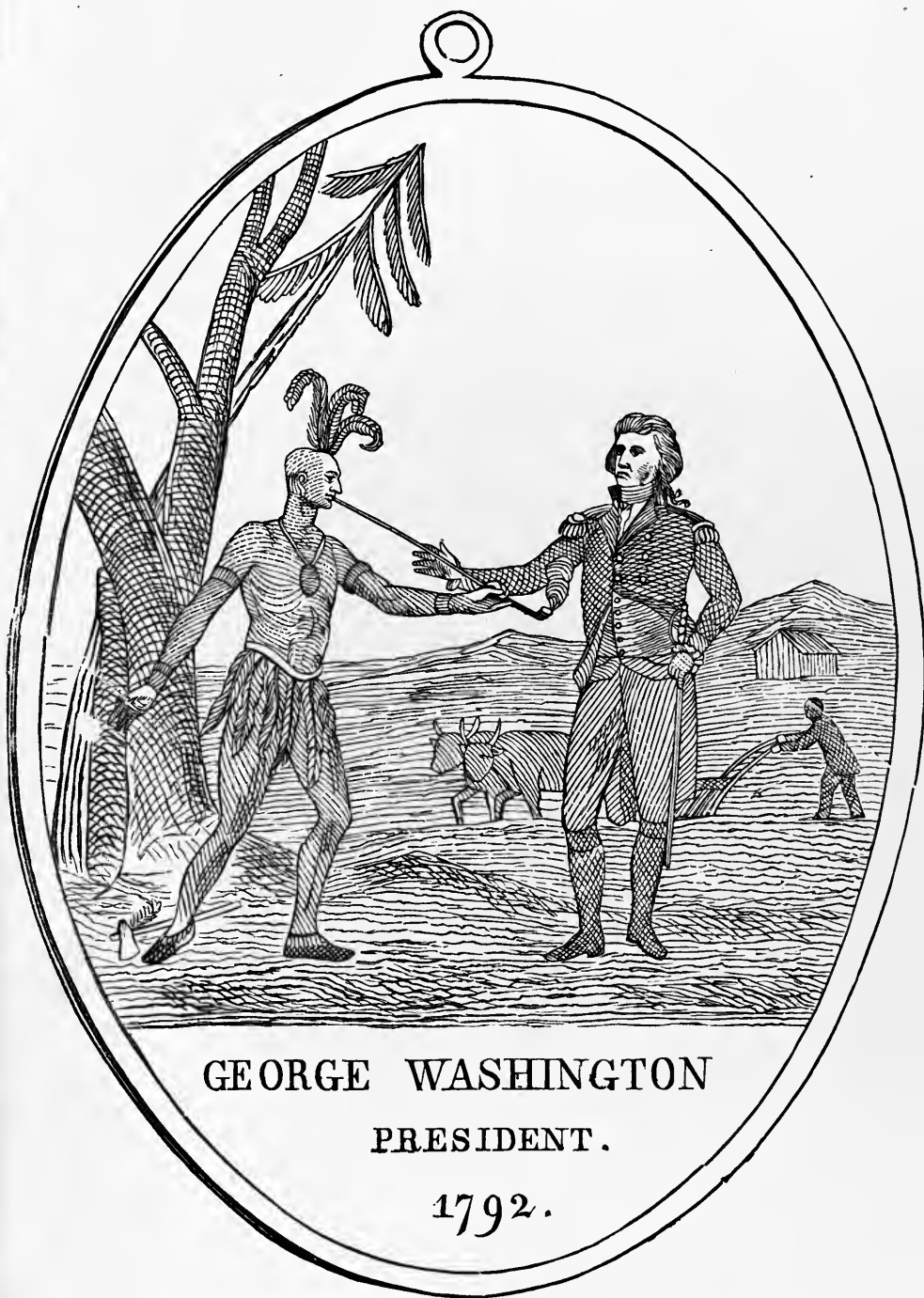
I thank you for your kind attention, and I now bid you all, and each of you, a fair good-night; may you retire to sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams.

Members of the Buffalo Historical Society: The representatives of the Iroquois here present have imposed upon me the pleasing duty of returning to you their profound and sincere thanks for the honor you have done their people to-day. Mournful memories are brought to their minds in the sad ceremonies in which they have been both participants and witnesses, but their griefs are all assuaged and their tears dried up by your kindness. They will carry back to their people nothing but good words of you and yours. They again return you thanks and bid you farewell.

General Parker then exhibited the Red Jacket medal presented by order of General Washington, President, in 1792. It is of silver, oval in shape, seven inches long by five inches broad. The general had dressed it in black and white wampum. The black indicating mourning and the white peace and gladness. In the article in the *Buffalo Courier* of October 10th, describing the occasion, the editor truly says:

"The production of this medal was important, because stories, like that about Red Jacket's bones, have for some time been current to the effect that this medal was being exhibited out west years ago. Like Red Jacket's bones, however, it has been carefully preserved, and there is no doubt whatever of its identity."

The above concluded the interesting commemorative exercises of the day.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT.

1792.

APPENDIX No. 1.

THE INDIAN DELEGATES.

THE following is a correct list of the Indian delegates to the Red Jacket obsequies, as shown by the register of the Buffalo Historical Society :

WILLIAM JONES—*Tho-na-so-wah*. Big Sand. Seneca.

JOHN JACKET—*Sho-gyo-a-ja-ach*. Holding up our Earth. Grandson of Red Jacket. Seneca.

MARY A. J. JONES—*Je-on-do-oh*. It has put the Tree again into the Water. Seneca.

ABBY JACKET—*Oh-no-syo-dyno*. It has Thrown Away the House. Granddaughter of Red Jacket. Seneca.

SARAH W. JACKET—*O-ge-jo-dyno*. It has Thrown Away the Corn Tassel. Seneca.

IRENE JONES—*Gaw-yah-was*. It Sifts the Skies. Seneca.

WILLIAM NEPHEW—*So-no-jo-wah*. The Nephew. Seneca. Grandson of Gov. Blacksnake, *alias* The Nephew.

IRENE A. JONES—*Ga-on-ye-was*. It Sifts the Skies. Seneca. Daughter of Mrs. Irene Jones.

REV. Z. L. JIMESON—*Ska-oh-ya-dih*. Beyond the Sky. Seneca.

ANDREW SNOW—*Tow-sen-e-doh*. Seneca.

CHARLES JONES. Youngest son of Capt. Horatio Jones, the famous captive. Geneseo, N. Y.

CHESTER C. LAY—*Ho-do-au-joah*. Bearing the Earth. United States interpreter Seneca Nation.

GENERAL ELY S. PARKER—*Do-ne-ho-ga-wa*. Open Door. One of the leading sachems of the League of the Iroquois.

MRS. E. S. PARKER.

WILLIE RED JACKET JONES—*Sho-gyo-a-ja-ach*. Holding up our Earth. Seneca.

ISAAC T. PARKER—*Da-jis-sta-ga-na*. Seneca.

JOHN MT. PLEASANT—*Dah-gah-yah-dent*. Falling Woods. Tuscarora.

MRS. J. MT. PLEASANT—*Ge-goh-sa-seh*. Wild Cat. Seneca.

MRS. MARY J. PIERCE. Widow of the late Maris B. Pierce, a chief of the Seneca nation. Seneca.

MOSES STEVENSON—*Au-o-wah-nay*. Broad Path. Seneca.

CANADIAN DELEGATION.

BENJAMIN CARPENTER—*Des-ka-he*. More than Eleven. Cayuga.

JOHN FRASIER—*Astaw-en-ser-on-ha*. Rattler. Mohawk.

JOSEPH PORTER—*Oron-ya-de-ka*. Burning Sky. Oneida.

HENRY CLENCH—*Kan-og-wa-ya*. Corn Cob. Oneida.

LEVI JONATHAN—*Kad-ar-gua-ji*. Well Bruised. Onondaga.

PETER POWLESS—*Sa-de-ka-ri-wa-de*. Two Stories Alike. Mohawk.

MOSES HILL—*Fyo-gwa-wa-ken*. Holding Company. Tuscarora.

JOHN BUCK—*Sha-na-wa-de*. Beyond the Swamp. Onondaga.

JAMES JAMISON—*De-yo-no-do-gen*. Between two Mountains. Cayuga.

JOHN HILL. Seneca.

ROBERT DAVID—*Sakoyewatha*. Keeper Awake. Cayuga.

JOSIAH HILL—*Sa-ko-ka-ryes*. Cannibal. Tuscarora. Nanticokes, now mixed with Tuscaroras.

REV. ALBERT ANTHONY—*She-quack-nind*. The Lone Pine. Delaware. Missionary to Six Nations. A Delaware chief.

MISS JESSIE OSBORNE—*Sa-pa-na*. The Lily. Mohawk, and great-granddaughter of Capt. Brant, Mohawk.

MISS EVA H. JOHNSON—*Ka-ra-wa-na*. Drifting Canoe. Miss E. PAULINE JOHNSON—*Ken-yen-neen-tha*. The Snow Drift. Daughters of the late chief, George H. M. Johnson. Residence: Chiefswood, Tuscarora, Canada. Mohawk.

J. T. GILKISON, Brantford, Ont. Superintendent and Commissioner of the Six Nations Indians, Brantford, Canada.

APPENDIX No. 2.

From the Commercial Advertiser, August 14, 1884.

RED JACKET'S BONES.

PROGRAM OF THE HISTORICAL CELEBRATION NEXT MONTH—
INTERESTING LETTER BY EX-GOV. SEYMOUR.

THE several committees of the Historical Society who have in charge the matters connected with the re-interment of Red Jacket and Farmer's Brother, and other Indian chiefs of the Six Nations, in Forest Lawn, met on Monday, and various reports of progress were made.

Mr. William C. Bryant reported that the trustees of Forest Lawn had agreed to give to the society a much finer and more commanding lot than the one donated last spring.

This generous gift will be duly appreciated by all interested in the matter, and yet it is but giving a place of sepulture to the great warriors and chiefs of the Iroquois, who owned and governed all the great Northwest, as stated in the historical letter of Gov. Seymour referred to in this article. The society advised that arrangements be made with the cemetery association to construct the base of the monument, so that it may be in readiness to lay the corner-stone.

Judge Sheldon reported that he had received a letter from Gov. Seymour, who was obliged to decline the invitation to deliver an oration on account of ill health. The letter is historical and interesting, and we publish it in full:

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 9, 1884.

Hon. JAMES SHELDON, Buffalo:

Dear Sir—I am annoyed that your letter written to me about ten days ago was not promptly answered. I have been away from Utica to make a visit to friends in Cazenovia. During the past two years my health has been so poor that I have been confined to my house much of the time.

I am suffering from a nervous complaint which makes me very weak, and I am incapable of mental or physical exertion.

I am gratified by your invitation to visit Buffalo to take part in the historical celebration in October, but I dare not accept it.

I am glad it is to be held, for it will excite an interest in events which have been neglected in the past. I may be able to contribute in some degree to its success by sending to your society a book, published by Hugh Gaines in 1757, in relation to the controversy between Great Britain and France, with regard to their claims in North America. Incidentally, it throws light upon the influence and power of the Six Nations. I think the book is rare, as I know but another copy, which is in the state library, at Albany.

I will also send to you a map made by the British ordnance department about 1720, which, among other things, lays down or defines the bounds of the conquests of the Iroquois. The southern line runs through the center of the colony of North Carolina, westward to the Mississippi River, thence along that river and the course of the Illinois to the southern end of Lake Michigan, thence through the center of that lake to a point in Canada north of the great lakes, thence eastward to the Atlantic. The book and this map show that the claim of the English to the territory west of Rome in this state was based on the assertion that the Iroquois had become their subjects, and had brought with them their jurisdiction over the country they had conquered. I do not think it is generally understood that this was the basis of the British claim to the Northwest. The French did not deny the statement with regard to the conquest and power of the Iroquois, but they said in answer to the claim that those Indians had become subjected to the British crown that no Englishman would dare to tell them that they were subjects, for if they did so they would peril their lives. I wish I could see you or some member of the society at my home, which is at a little distance out of the limits of Utica.

I have a number of old documents which might be of use to those who will take part in your celebration. I will send the book and map to you by express.

I am sorry that I cannot go to Buffalo on the occasion, for I feel a deep interest in its purposes. I trust the day has come when the people of New York will look up and make a record of facts bearing upon its history.

I may be able to write you again to call your attention to other things which may bear upon the purposes of the celebration.

I am truly yours,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

The committee discussed informally the program of the various exercises, which substantially will be as follows :

The proceedings at Forest Lawn will occur in the forenoon—consisting of funeral ceremonies by the representatives of the Six Nations; the interment; a poem suitable for the occasion; and an address by Wm. C. Bryant, Esq., of this city, and the laying of the corner-stone.

In the evening it is proposed to have a free meeting at Music Hall, at which addresses will be made and other appropriate exercises take place.

No doubt the occasion will be one of marked historical interest and attract to our city many of the most learned and distinguished of our citizens. The society is receiving from historical societies assurance of sympathy, and many of the distinguished archæologists of the country are deeply interested.

As usual, in all matters of public good, our citizens have responded liberally with subscriptions, so that the Historical Society are confident that the event will confer a new dignity upon our city.

Lot 1, Section XII.

Proposed Monument

1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9

No. 1, GA-NON-DA-GIE, . . . Destroy-Town.
" 2, GUI-EN-GWAH-TOH. . The Young King.
" 3, SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA, . . Red Jacket.
" 4, GA-ON-DO-WAU-NA, . Captain Pollard.*
" 5, JISH-JA-GA, Little Billy.
" 6, HA-NO-JA-CYA, Tall Peter.
" 7, 8, & 9. Three unknown Braves in each grave.

** Catherine, wife of Capt. Pollard and his little grand child are buried with him, in No. 4*

a a a a a Five Elms.

FOREST LAWN CEMETERY, BUFFALO, New York.

DELAWARE ST. MAIN ENTRANCE

CEMETERY,

BUFFALO,
New York.

APPENDIX No. 4.

From the Buffalo Daily Courier, October 9, 1884.

HO-DE'-NO-SAU-NEE.

THE BONES OF RED JACKET AND OTHER CHIEFS OF THE SIX
NATIONS TO BE PLACED IN FOREST LAWN TO-DAY.

But, ah! What once has been shall be no more.
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

THE re-interment of the remains of Red Jacket and other chiefs of the Senecas, which takes place at Forest Lawn to-day, makes this a veritable red letter day in the history of the red man. At ten o'clock, A. M., the funeral cortege will form at the Western Savings Bank, corner of Main and Court streets, where for more than five years the bones of Red Jacket have lain in a vault awaiting the ceremonies of to-day. Six hearses will convey to Forest Lawn the oak caskets containing the mortal remains of Red Jacket, Little Billy, Destroy Town, Tall Peter, Young King and Captain Pollard. There will be about sixty carriages for the mourners, and street cars will also run for the accommodation of those desiring to visit the graves, which are located near the main entrance to the cemetery on Delaware avenue. At the grave, prayer will be offered by Rev. Z. L. Jemison, an Indian native minister, to be followed by an address by William C. Bryant, and, probably, other addresses by the Indian chiefs of the Senecas who are expected to be present, wearing the dress and arms of their tribe. A funeral dirge by an Indian choir will be a feature of the proceedings. In the evening, at Music Hall, the commemorative exercises will be free to the public. The principal oration on that occasion will be by the Hon. George W. Clinton, and it is expected that General Ely S. Parker, Judge Sheldon and prominent Indians will take part in the proceedings.

Upwards of fifty Indians belonging to the Six Nations arrived in Buffalo yesterday and are now the guests of members of the Buffalo Historical Society and their friends. Mr. Bryant, along with the members of the committee on reception, viz., the Hon. Philip Becker, General John C. Graves and William K. Allen, waited upon the distinguished strangers who are the lineal descendants of the ancient lords of the soil, and saw that they were duly accommodated at various hotels and elsewhere. Most of the delegation who have arrived so far wear the dress of the white man, and but for their unmistakable complexion and broad features might be looked upon as ordinary members of the farming class. Indeed most of them are tillers of the soil, and some have in this way settled down to a comfortable and even profitable means of livelihood. Only a few of those seen here yesterday exhibit the dress of a native.

After partaking of refreshments the party proceeded to the rooms of the Historical Society, where the preliminaries were talked over in the Indian language and also in English. Mr. Bryant, who, by the way, is a Seneca by adoption, extended to his red brethren a cordial welcome and explained to them the nature of the ceremonies which were intended to commemorate and perpetuate the eloquence and oratory of the Six Nations. The bones of six of their departed leaders lay in the caskets before them, including those of Red Jacket. It was explained that pall-bearers would have to be selected from the representatives of the several nations, and it was intended that the Indians should commemorate the event in their native tongue by the singing of a dirge and by addresses which would afterward be translated and published. They were particularly informed that they were at liberty to celebrate their illustrious dead in their own way, with such assistance from the white man as they might be able to render. General Ely S. Parker, who during the war was secretary on General Grant's staff, was also present and addressed his brethren. General Parker is well known as an authority on Indian matters. His speech in the Indian tongue seemed to be highly appreciated by the Indians present. He fully explained the object of that great gathering of sachems and chiefs, the like of which would probably never again be witnessed in their history.

APPENDIX No. 5.

From the Buffalo Express of October 7, 1884.

SA-GO-YE-WA-THA'S REST.

LAST MEETING OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY PREPARATORY
TO THE FUNERAL OF RED JACKET—SOME OF THE
INVITED GUESTS.

YESTERDAY afternoon the Librarian of the Buffalo Historical Society was busy mailing invitations to the ceremony attending the burial of Red Jacket and contemporary chiefs, to take place at Forest Lawn Cemetery next Thursday. Among the invited guests are President Arthur, Governor Cleveland, and the Hon. George Bancroft, the historian; Mayor Scoville, the Common Council, City Clerk Burns and other prominent city officials and citizens; the presidents of all historical societies in the United States and Canada; Professor D. Wilson, the eminent English ethnologist, now of Toronto University, Ont.; the Hon. Horatio Seymour of Utica, and the Hon. Judge George W. Clinton of Albany, who will deliver the address; Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse of New York, whose husband was a noted Indian teacher and historian; Gen. Ely S. Parker of New York, the highest chief in the Seneca Nation, formerly of General Grant's staff; the Hon. James G. Blaine of Augusta, Me., and Mr. W. Furness of Crystal Springs, N. Y.; Mr. G. A. Shaw, editor of the *New York Evening Telegram*, and Lieut. Col. J. T. Gilkison, Superintendent and Commissioner of Indians, Brantford, Ont. Besides these the presidents and officers of the Buffalo Young Men's Christian Association, the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, the German Young Men's Association, the Young Men's Catholic Association, the Fine Arts Academy, and the Lutheran Young Men's Association have been invited.

The Misses Eva and Pauline Johnson, daughters of the late Chief George H. M. Johnson of Chiefswood, near Brantford, Ont., will be

the guests of the family of Judge Sheldon, on Main street. Miss Jessie M. Osborne, of Brantford, a great-granddaughter of the celebrated Mohawk Chieftain, Joseph Brant, will be entertained, together with Chief John Mountpleasant and wife, of the Tuscarora Nation, by the family of William C. Bryant, Esq. These young Indian ladies are well educated and accomplished.

About forty chiefs and sachems are expected as delegates, besides the many Indians who will come out of interest and curiosity from the Allegany, Tuscarora, and Cattaraugus reservations. They will, as far as possible, be dressed in native costume, with ornaments and arms. The head chiefs will wear sashes.

A reporter of the *Express* talked last evening with William Jones of the Snipe Clan of the Senecas. Mr. Jones is an hereditary chief of the Six Nations and an interpreter. His father was for many years the interpreter for the missionaries. He has a fair education, and talked in substance as follows :

"The Indians are all very thankful to the white people for the interest they take in us, especially at this time, when they wish to honor Red Jacket and other chiefs. We wish to thank the officers of the Historical Society for their kindness and for the manner in which they have guarded Red Jacket's remains. We shall join with them gladly in the ceremony. Although we reverence his memory we are too poor to build such a monument: John Jacket, a grandson of Red Jacket, is my father-in-law. He is very much pleased to see such honors paid to his grandfather, and wishes me to thank the good white people for him. He will be here Thursday.

"When we moved away from the old Buffalo Creek Reservation in 1844 I was fourteen years old. The cemetery which then surrounded the Mission Church was well kept and was not sold. It belongs to us now. We intended to fence it in, but have never done so. There we buried all our chiefs, but for the past thirty years we have used the cemeteries at the new reservation, at Cattaraugus, where the Methodists and Presbyterians have separate graveyards, and the Pagans bury their dead at Newtown, upon the reservation ground.

"At the old cemetery, where they took up the bones of Destroy Town, Twenty Canoes, Little Billy, Tall Peter, and the other chiefs, little remains for us. There were about eight acres, but the white men have encroached upon it inch by inch. The Germans who have settled near it bury their dead there, but they have no right to do it. The cemetery is out Seneca street, about four miles from Main street."

Chief Jones went home last night to make further arrangements for the coming of the delegates from Cattaraugus.

In speaking of the removal of the remains, Mr. W. C. Bryant said: "We found that the Indians buried their dead much deeper than the whites. In some instances we had to dig down beside and tunnel under the graves of white people who had not been buried more than a year. There are no more chiefs buried at the old cemetery that we could identify. The bones we have are dry; many are much decayed. The remains of Red Jacket will be placed in a casket made of polished oak, with silver trimmings. Each of the six chiefs will have a like casket and a separate hearse. We have engaged seventy-five carriages, but there will be many more in the procession.

The stage at Music Hall, where the principal exercises will be held, will be appropriately ornamented, under the supervision of Miss Grace Sheldon, with palms and flowering plants from the conservatory of Judge Sheldon.

A meeting of the society was held last evening at the office of W. C. Bryant, Esq. Eight officers were present. In the several reports made it was learned that nine bodies of unknown chiefs have been buried on the Red Jacket lot during the past week; that the grave of Red Jacket will be of cement; that after the remains are placed in it an air-tight, impenetrable cement top will be made, leaving the bones as secure as though in a vault, and that the bearers for each casket will be chosen, two from each of the Six Nations. The finance committee expect to raise \$2,500. Already \$1,800 have been collected for the ceremony and the monument fund. The delegates from Canada will arrive at 12.30 P. M. to-morrow; the Indians from Versailles at 11.30 A. M. They will be met at the trains by committees and escorted to hotels. Police will be detailed for special duty at the rooms of the Historical Society, at Music Hall, and at the cemetery. Mr. C. W. Miller, who donates the use of six hearses and five hacks, and volunteers to supply the vehicles needed, was present by invitation last evening. He was made a member of the general committee. So was Mr. H. D. Farwell, the undertaker, who will be master of ceremonies.

The funeral cortege will move at 10 A. M. sharp, on Thursday, from the corner of Court and Main streets. At Forest Lawn all necessary arrangements have been made. The public is cordially invited to attend the exercises at Music Hall and at Forest Lawn. Both will be free. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance.

APPENDIX No. 6.

From the Buffalo Express, October 8, 1884.

RED JACKET CEREMONIES.

IN the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society in front of the president's chair, six caskets stand. They hold the remains of Red Jacket, the great orator of the Iroquois, and Destroy Town, Tall Peter, Captain Pollard, who led the massacre of Wyoming, Young Chief, and Twenty Canoes, his contemporary chiefs of the Seneca Nation. They are placed in the position in which they will be buried. The caskets are of polished oak with silver trimmings, and without glass fronts. All that remain of these famous sachems are bones—dry, decayed and broken. Each skull is intact, and on that of Tall Peter some of the hair remains. The bones of Red Jacket were transferred to the casket Monday evening from the box which has held them in the vault of the Western Savings Bank for six years. Mr. H. D. Farwell, who has kept the remains of the five other chiefs at his undertaking rooms on Pearl street, Councilor W. C. Bryant and Librarian G. G. Barnum of the Historical Society, made the removal. On the skull of Red Jacket was found some of the plaster of Paris used by a phrenologist fifty years ago in an unsuccessful effort to take a cast of the cranium.

All necessary preparations have been made for the ceremonies at the grave and at Music Hall. Delegations of Indians will arrive to-day. They will be quartered at different hotels until Friday morning.

APPENDIX No. 7.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FUND.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| Wm. P. Letchworth, | Jno. T. Hudson, | W. P. Burns, |
| Wm. C. Bryant, | Wm. B. Flint, | W. A. Bird, |
| Jonathan Scoville, | A. J. Wheeler, | Geo. J. Sicard, |
| S. S. Jewett, | J. P. Dudley, | H. Hellriegel, |
| Geo. Howard, | J. C. Forbush, | R. Stafford, |
| M. P. Bush, | Wm. H. Walker, | R. Keating, |
| Philip Becker, | C. B. Wheeler, | James Sheldon, |
| D. P. Rumsey, | H. W. Box, | Wm. Hodge, |
| W. H. H. Newhall, | Thos. B. French, | Geo. Wadsworth, |
| John C. Graves, | Chas. A. Gould, | B. H. Williams, |
| S. M. Clement, | Jno. R. Linnen, | Truman C. White, |
| J. M. Richmond, | Geo. B. Hayes, | Porter Norton, |
| S. V. Ryan, | Gowans & Stover, | J. C. Fullerton, |
| B. C. Rumsey, | E. D. Dart, | Chas. A. Sweet, |
| Gibson T. Williams, | C. J. Hamlin, | W. S. Bissell, |
| James M. Smith, | Geo. R. Potter, | Joel Wheeler, |
| E. L. Stevenson, | Brown, Merritt & Brown, | W. L. White, |
| Alonzo Richmond, | L. M. Brock, | R. P. Wilson, |
| F. H. Root, | C. G. Fox, | Elias S. Hawley, |
| Adam, Meldrum & Ander- son, | Jno. Lyth, | L. & I. J. White, |
| W. D. Fobes, | W. S. O'Brian, | J. N. Scatcherd, |
| H. D. Taylor, | D. N. Lockwood, | B. D. Rogers, |
| R. K. Noye, | E. D. Tuthill & Son, | O. A. Trevallee, |
| Chas. D. Marshall, | C. B. Armstrong & Co., | L. S. Oatman, |
| Franklin D. Locke, | D. H. McMillan, | S. Hume, |
| Taylor & Crate, | J. C. Barnes, | Geo. W. Tifft, Sons & Co., |
| Howard Iron Works, | E. S. Dann, | H. R. Howland, |
| Warren Bryant, | Wm. S. Tweedy, | J. E. Barnard, |
| Pascal P. Pratt, | J. B. Stafford & Bro., | Zink & Hatch, |
| D. K. Morse, | Ansley Wilcox, | H. T. Appleby, |
| H. G. Nolton, | Altman & Co., | J. P. Gething, |
| C. W. M'Cune, | Sibley & Holmwood, | Brown & Friend, |
| | Sidney Shepard & Co., | O. C. Hoyt, |

E. L. Hedstrom,
 Geo. Urban,
 Estate of Wm. H. Greene,
 R. V. Pierce,
 Jacob Stern,
 Matthew McComb,
 John M. Bedford,
 John Wilkeson,
 E. P. Beals,
 J. C. Jewett & Son,
 Erie Preserving Co.,
 G. B. Rich,
 E. T. Smith,
 C. F. Bingham,
 Goodyear Rubber Co.,
 W. H. Peabody,
 J. N. Adam & Co.,
 Fairbanks Co.,
 John Esser,
 J. S. Lytle,
 S. G. Le Valley,
 H. L. Meech,
 M. Kingsley,
 John H. Cowing,
 Denton & Cottier,
 Chas. Beckwith,
 Thos. Cary,
 E. H. Hutchinson,
 F. M. Loomis,

Geo. G. Barnum,
 Young, Lockwood & Co.,
 Sherman S. Rogers,
 Humburch & Hodge,
 Geo. H. Bryant,
 J. C. Nagel,
 Alex. Brush,
 Albert Haight,
 Geo. W. Townsend,
 Isaac Geiershofer,
 M. M. Drake,
 E. H. Movius,
 H. F. Allen,
 N. Hall,
 Weed & Co.,
 W. Laverack,
 Campbell & Porter,
 O. W. Clark,
 Frank C. Bolt,
 H. H. Koch,
 D. E. Morgan,
 P. Paul & Bro.,
 Ulbrich & Kingsley,
 Ball & Levy,
 W. W. Hammond,
 G. L. Lewis,
 J. G. Milburn,
 J. E. Ewell,
 Wm. F. Rogers,

Dahlman, Spiegel & Weil,
 O. O. Cottle,
 Geo. F. Christ,
 Otto Besser,
 John P. Diehl,
 Wm. K. Allen,
 Merritt Brooks,
 Geo. B. Matthews,
 C. F. Sternberg,
 Worthington & Sill,
 Stringer & Cady,
 J. H. Carmichael,
 R. F. Schelling,
 E. W. Hatch,
 Garson, Kerngood & Co.,
 Moses Smith,
 O. J. Eggert,
 A. W. Hickman,
 M. Nellany,
 N. Moersfelder,
 Irlbacker & Davis,
 H. A. Menker,
 John Hauenstein,
 Chas. W. Miller,
 H. D. Farwell,
 John Feist,
 Gilbert Brady,
 Geo. W. Maltby,
 Orin P. Ramsdell.

APPENDIX No. 8.

OFFICERS OF THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FOR THE YEAR 1884.

President,

WILLIAM D. FOBES.

Vice-President,

STEPHEN M. CLEMENT.

Recording Secretary,

LEON F. HARVEY, M. D.

Librarian, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer,

GEORGE G. BARNUM.

Councilors,

W. H. H. NEWMAN,
HON. JAMES M. SMITH,
WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
EMMOR HAINES,
ANSLEY WILCOX,
HON. JAMES SHELDON,
HON. ELIAS S. HAWLEY,

REV. A. T. CHESTER, D. D.
O. H. MARSHALL,
JARED H. TILDEN,
REV. SAMSON FALK,
GEORGE W. TOWNSEND,
CHARLES B. GERMAIN,
MAURICE KINGSLEY,

THOMAS B. FRENCH.

APPENDIX No. 9.

THE following letter from Col. J. T. Gilkison, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Brantford, Ontario, explains the formal action taken by the Six Nations in Council, October 14, 1884, concerning their reception and the ceremonies of October 9, 1884, at Buffalo.

It is a memorable fact to relate that the council of the sachems, chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, held at the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society on the eighth of October, 1884, and which is described in this book, was the first general council of the united Iroquois which has been held since the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, and the consequent disruption of the League. When this gathering and council was first proposed the Canadian Iroquois refused to unite with their estranged brothers who lived in the State of New York. A few moments' conference, however, and a few bursts of Indian eloquence, melted all their hearts into a feeling of common sympathy, and the council proceeded with kindly and fraternal feeling.

INDIAN OFFICE, BRANTFORD, Ont., Oct. 15, 1884.

Sir: By request of the Six Nations Indians in Council yesterday I have the honour to transmit to you the accompanying extract of minutes, which I will thank you to lay before the Buffalo Historical Society. In doing which, permit me to add, I cordially concur with the sentiments of the Council.

The compliment paid and kindness extended to the delegates of the Six Nations will ever be remembered by them, your reception having far exceeded their expectations.

For myself I have to express my high sense of the consideration shown my Indian people by you and the gentlemen associated with you, and for the courtesy and hospitality extended to me personally. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. T. GILKISON,

Visiting Superintendent and Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES.

THE SIX NATIONS IN COUNCIL,
October 14, 1884.

Present—The Visiting Superintendent, Interpreter and twenty-nine Chiefs.

The chiefs having deliberated upon and discussed the report of their delegates attending the recent ceremonies in the City of Buffalo, the Speaker of the Council rose and, addressing the superintendent, said :

On the arrival of their delegates in Buffalo, on Wednesday last, they had the honour of being received by a deputation of gentlemen, conducted to carriages and conveyed to a hotel, where they were entertained in the most hospitable manner, made to feel at home among friends, not as strangers. They were requested on the same day to meet their brethren resident in the State of New York, when, being assembled, they were invited to consult and arrange for Indian ceremonies attending the re-interment of the remains of Red Jacket and his warriors upon the following day.

The delegates were astonished and gratified with the grand and imposing procession and other proceedings, and felt proud in being chosen to assist on so solemn and memorable occasion. This Council acknowledge the honour conferred upon the illustrious dead of their race, and feel the red man has received a recognition hitherto unsurpassed, if not unprecedented, which will not be forgotten, but be a lasting record in the hearts of the Indians and in succeeding generations.

The Council desire to express its warm and grateful thanks to the gentlemen of the Buffalo Historical Society for the great attention and consideration shown their delegates, and for generosity, which contributed so much to their convenience and comfort.

The Council express the wish that the superintendent will be pleased to transmit a copy of these minutes to Mr. W. C. Bryant, for the information of the Buffalo Historical Society.

APPENDIX No. 10.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

HOW THE GREAT CHIEF'S REMAINS WERE LOST AND RECOVERED.

THE famous soldier and Indian chief, Gen. Ely S. Parker, who was chief of staff to Gen. Grant during the war, and wrote out the terms of Lee's capitulation, recently sent the following letter to Mr. William C. Bryant, of the Buffalo Historical Society:

No. 300 MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK; May 8, 1884.

W. C. BRYANT, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y. :

Dear Sir—Yours of the 25th ult. was duly received. I am very much obliged to Mr. Marshall for mentioning to you the circumstance of my having written him on the subject of the re-interment of Red Jacket's remains. My principal object was to obtain an assurance of the genuineness of the remains. This I did because I was informed many years ago that Red Jacket's grave had been surreptitiously opened and the bones taken therefrom into the City of Buffalo, where some few Indians, under the leadership of Daniel Two Guns, a Seneca chief, recovered them a few hours after they were taken. They were never re-interred, but were securely boxed up and secreted, first in one Indian's house and then in another. At length I saw by the papers that they were now lodged in the vault of some bank in Buffalo. I wished only to be satisfied that the remains which the Buffalo Historical Society proposed to re-inter were really those of the celebrated chief Red Jacket. That was all. Whatever views I may have entertained respecting this scheme, which is not new, is now of no consequence, for your letter advises me that the subject has been fully discussed with the survivors of the families of the departed chiefs, and also of the Council of the Seneca Nation, who have all assented to the project of re-interment and to the site selected.

I am, with respect, yours, etc.,

ELY S. PARKER.

Mr. Bryant sent to the general the following reply, which will be found of great interest, and may be considered the first authoritative statement of the matter ever made :

BUFFALO, June 25, 1884.

Gen. ELY S. PARKER :

Dear Sir—In 1852, Red Jacket's remains reposed in the old Mission Cemetery at East Buffalo, surrounded by those of Young King, Capt. Pollard, Destroy Town, Little Billy, Mary Jemison, and others, renowned in the later history of the Senecas. His grave was marked by a marble slab, erected by the eminent comedian, Henry Placide, but which had been chipped away to half of its original proportions by relic hunters and other vandals. The cemetery was the pasture ground for vagrant cattle, and was in a scandalous state of dilapidation and neglect. The legal title to the grounds was and still is in the possession of the Ogden Land Company, although at the time of the last treaty the Indians were led to believe that the cemetery and church grounds were excluded from its operation. At the time mentioned (1852), George Copway, the well-known Ojibwa lecturer, delivered two or more lectures in Buffalo, in the course of which he called attention to Red Jacket's neglected grave and agitated the subject of the removal of his dust to a more secure place and the erection of a suitable monument. A prominent business man, the late Wheeler Hotchkiss, who lived adjoining the cemetery, became deeply interested in the project, and he, together with Copway, assisted by an undertaker named Farwell, exhumed the remains and placed them in a new coffin, which was deposited with the bones in the cellar of Hotchkiss' residence.

There were a few Senecas still living on the Buffalo Creek Reservation, among them Moses Stevenson, Thomas Jemison, Daniel Two Guns, and others. They discovered that the old chief's grave had been violated almost simultaneously with its accomplishment. Stevenson, Two Guns, and a party of excited sympathizers among the whites, hastily gathered together and repaired to Hotchkiss' residence, where they demanded that the remains should be given up to them. The request was complied with and the bones were taken to Cattaraugus and placed in the custody of Ruth Stevenson, the favorite step-daughter of Red Jacket, and a most worthy woman. Ruth was the wife of James Stevenson, brother of Moses. Their father was a cotemporary of Red Jacket and a distinguished chief. She was a sister of Daniel Two Guns. Her father, a renowned warrior and chief, fell at the battle of Chippewa, an ally of the United States.

When the demand was made by the excited multitude Hotchkiss manifested considerable perturbation at the menacing attitude of the crowd. He turned to Farwell and, indicating the place of deposit of the remains, requested that Farwell should descend into the cellar and bring up the coffin or box, which, by the way, was made of red cedar and about four feet in length.

Ruth preserved the remains in her cabin for some years and finally buried them, but resolutely concealed from every living person any knowledge of the place of sepulture. Her husband was then dead and she was a childless, lone widow. As she became advanced in years it grew to be a source of anxiety to her what disposition should finally be made of these sacred relics. She consulted the Rev. Asher Wright and his wife on the subject, and concluded at length to deliver them over to

the Buffalo Historical Society, which, with the approval of the Seneca Council, had undertaken to provide a permanent resting-place for the bones of the old chief and his compatriots.

I do not believe that there is any ground for doubting the identity of the remains, and I think Hotchkiss and his confederates should be acquitted of any intention to do wrong. It was an impulsive and ill-advised act on their part. The few articles buried with the body were found intact. The skull is in excellent preservation and is unmistakably that of Red Jacket. Eminent surgeons, who have examined it and compared it with the best portraits of Red Jacket, attest to its genuineness.

The Rev. Asher Wright was a faithful missionary among the Senecas for nearly half a century.

There was no opportunity afforded Hotchkiss and his companions to fraudulently substitute another skeleton, had they been so disposed. I knew Hotchkiss well and have his written statement of the facts. Farwell, who still lives, and is a very reputable man, says that when the remains were surrendered to the Indians the skull had (as it has now) clinging to it in places a thin crust of plaster of Paris, showing that an attempt had been made to take a cast of it, which probably was arrested by the irruption of Two Guns and his band.

I have dictated the foregoing because on re-perusal of your esteemed letter I discovered I had not met the question which was in your mind when you wrote Mr. Marshall, and I greatly fear that I have wearied you by reciting details with which you were already familiar.

The old Mission Cemetery, I grieve to say, has been invaded by white foreigners, who are burying their dead there with a stolid indifference to every sentiment of justice or humanity.

Yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

General Parker, in acknowledgment of the last communication, said that he had never entertained a doubt as to the identity of the remains, but was curious to know how the Indians had been induced to surrender them to the possession of the whites.

RUTH STEVENSON.

This estimable woman died at the Cattaraugus Reservation about a year ago. The following notice of her is extracted from Miss Johnson's "IROQUOIS; OR, BRIGHT SIDE OF INDIAN CHARACTER" (*D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., 1855*):

* * * The first Sabbath I attended [the Mission] church I noticed by my side a fine-looking woman, with the richest tint of clear Mingoe blood upon her cheeks, and her raven hair in soft, flowing masses, curving upon her temples, and twined in classic braids behind. Tall and portly in figure and dignified in deportment, she particularly attracted my attention, and the sweet and intelligent expression of her face told that she was no common woman.

I asked who she was, and learned that she was the step-daughter of their most distinguished chief, Red Jacket, and one of whom he was particularly fond. She was a child when he was an old man, and sat on his knee, and stroked his withered cheek and kissed his brow, and received his most affectionate caresses. Her mother was the second wife of the great orator, and the faithful friend of the missionaries, and a consistent member of the little Mission Church during all the latter years of her life. The daughter, therefore, has had a Christian education, and is a thoroughly sensible and very interesting woman.

DEATH OF RED JACKET.

* * * The wife and daughter were the only ones to whom he spoke parting words or gave a parting blessing; but as his last hour drew nigh his family all gathered around him, and mournful it was to think that the children were not his own; his were all sleeping in the little churchyard where he was soon to be laid; they were his step-children—the children of his beloved wife.

So there were none around his dying bed but step-children. These he had always loved and cherished, and they loved and honored him, for this their mother had taught them. The wife sat by his pillow and rested her hand upon his head. At his feet stood the two sons [Henry and Daniel Two Guns], who are now aged and Christian men, and by his side the little Ruth, whose little hand rested upon his withered and trembling palm. His last words were still, "Where is the missionary?" And then he clasped the child to his bosom while she sobbed in anguish—her ears caught his hurried breathing—his arms relaxed their hold—she looked up and he was gone (*pp.* 198, 199, *idem*).

NOTE.—Miss Johnson obtained the materials for her interesting volume during many months sojourn among the Senecas, and while an inmate of the family of Rev. Asher Wright, the venerable missionary.

APPENDIX No. 11.

RED JACKET'S DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

THE following exceedingly interesting letter from General Parker was in response to a letter of inquiry addressed to him, and which grew out of a remark of his, when in Buffalo in attendance at the obsequies, to the effect that Red Jacket's greatest disappointment was in not attaining to a place among the fifty Great League sachems :

NEW YORK, November 26, 1884.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y. :

Dear Sir—I owe you many apologies for not before answering yours of October 25th, which was duly received, but I have had so many other things to attend to that your letter was temporarily laid aside. I will now, however, respond as briefly as I can to your queries respecting Red Jacket. You say you "have always been led to believe that Red Jacket did not belong to any of the noble or aristocratic families in which the title or distinction was hereditary." Also, "was his mother of noble birth," etc., etc. Let me disabuse your mind of one matter in the outset. Such a thing as aristocracy, nobility, class caste or social grades was unknown among the Iroquois. A political superiority was, perhaps, given by the founders of the League to the Mohawks, Onondagas and Senecas, who were styled "brothers," and were addressed as "fathers" by the Oneidas and Cayugas, who also were "brothers" and yet "children." Nor were the Turtle, Bear and Wolf clans invested with the first attribute of nobility or aristocracy because they were also the elder brothers and cousins to the other clans. I am of the opinion that no purer and truer democracy, or a more perfect equality of social and political rights, ever existed among any people than prevailed among the

Iroquois at the time of their discovery by the whites. Often at that time and since persons attained positions of prominence and power by their superior intellectual abilities or their extraordinary prowess and success on the war-path. (Conspicuous examples of this fact are Joseph Brant and Red Jacket.) Successes of this kind, however, brought only temporary and ephemeral distinction to him, his family, his relations, his clan, and, perhaps, reflected some honor on his tribe. But this accidental or fatuitous distinction was not transmissible as a rightful or hereditary one, and was retained only so long as the intellectual superiority, military prowess or personal bravery could be maintained by the person or family.

When declining years broke one's intellectual and physical powers some younger person immediately dropped in to fill the gap, and the old warrior or councilor fell away into obscurity. Thus it is easily seen how the hand of power and distinction could be constantly shifted from one person or family to another, and could never remain settled longer than he or they were able to uphold the qualities entitling them to the supremacy. The founders of the League may or may not have considered this question in the organization they made. They perfected a confederacy of tribes, officered by forty-eight hereditary sachems or peace men and two hereditary military sachems or chieftains. They ignored the individuality of persons (except Tododaho) and families and brought the several tribes into the closest relationship by the establishment of common clans or totemships, to whom was confided the hereditability of the League officers. It was a purely accidental circumstance that some of the clans in some of the tribes were not endowed with sachemships and that others got more than one. But because some of the clans got more than one sachem, and that a family in that clan was temporarily intrusted with the care of it, the clan or family were not in consequence thereof ennobled or made aristocratic. Bear in mind this fact, a sachemship belongs to a clan and is the property of no one family. Honorary distinctions are only assumed by the tribes or clans from the fact that the League makers gave them the rank of the elder or younger, and the family government and gradation of kinship was introduced to bring the same more readily to their comprehension, understanding and remembrance.

This idea of Indian social grades with titles is all a vain and foolish fancy of the early imaginative writers, who were educated to believe in such things; and the idea is retained, used and still disseminated

by our modern susceptibles who love and adore rank and quality, and who give and place them where none is claimed. I do not deny that *Royaner* in the Mohawk means Lord or Master, but the same word, when applied to terrestrial or political subjects, only means Councilor. The Seneca word is *Hoyarna*, Councilor—*Hoyarnagowar*, Great Councilor. These names are applied to the League officers only, and the term "great" was added to designate them more conspicuously and distinguish them from a great body of lesser men who had forced themselves into the deliberations of the League Councilors. The term *Hāsanowāneh* (great name) is given to this last great body of men, a body now known as chiefs. They were never provided for and, as I believe, were never contemplated by the League originators, but they subsequently came to the surface, as I have hereinbefore set forth, and forced a recognition of their existence upon the "Great Councilors," and, on account of their following and ability, were provided with seats at the council board.

Red Jacket was one of these "chiefs." He was supremely and exclusively intellectual. He was a walking encyclopædia of the affairs of the Iroquois. His logical powers were nearly incontrovertible, at least to the untutored Indian generally. In his day, and to the times I am referring, the "Great Councilor's" word was his bond; it was of more weight and consequence than the word of a chief. Red Jacket knew this well, and, while he could not be made a League officer, he used every means which his wisdom and cunning could devise to make himself appear not only the foremost man of his tribe but of the League. He was ever the chosen spokesman of the matrons of tribes. He was spokesman of visiting delegations of Indians to the seat of government, whether state or federal. In the signing of treaties, though unsuccessfully opposing them in open council, he would secretly intrigue for a blank space at or near the head of the list of signers, with a view, as the Indians asserted, of pointing to it as evidence that he was among its early advocates, and also that he was among the first and leading men of his tribe. He was even charged with being double-faced and sometimes speaking with a forked tongue. These and many other traits, both good and bad, which he possessed worked against him in the minds of his people, and interposed an insurmountable bar to his becoming a League officer.

After the war of 1812, whenever Red Jacket visited the Tonawanda Reservation, he made my father's house his principal home, on

account of his tribal relationship to my mother, who was of the Wolf clan. My father and his brother Samuel were both intelligent men, and knew and understood the Indians well, and were also fairly versed in Indian politics. During my early youth I have heard them discuss with other Indians the matters above referred to, and, while they always agreed as to the main facts, they generally differed only as to the underlying motives and intentions of Red Jacket in his various schemes.

White men visiting Indians for information usually ask specific questions, to which direct and monosyllabic answers are generally given. Seldom will an Indian go beyond a direct answer and give a general or extended reply; hence, I am not surprised that you had never heard anything respecting my statement, for as such a thing had never occurred to you, you have never thought to ask concerning it. The fact, however, remains the same, and I do not consider it derogatory of or a belittling of Red Jacket's general character. Men of mind are nearly always courageous and ambitious. Red Jacket was not an exception.

You suggest the performance on my part of an act which is simply impossible. The words sachem, sagamore, chief, king, prince, cazique, queen, princess, etc., have been promiscuously and interchangeably used by every writer on Indians ever since their discovery. I have seen three of the above terms used in one article with reference to one and the same person, showing great looseness and want of discrimination in the writer. Yourself, let me say, mentions John Mt. Pleasant as "the principal hereditary sachem of the Tuscaroras." Now, my classification of Iroquois officers would be to rank the fifty original councilors as sachems, because they are the highest officers of the League. I would not use the term sagamore, because its use is almost wholly New England, and has been applied promiscuously to heads of bands, large and small, and sometimes to mere heads of families. To use other terms, such as king, prince, or princess (see King Philip, King Powhattan and Princess Pocahontas), is preposterous and presumptuous, considering the total absence among these people of the paraphernalia, belongings and dignity of royalty. My classification is: League officers, fifty in numbers, "*Sachems*," all others "*Chiefs*." The Tuscaroras, for certain reasons, were not admitted to a perfect equality in the League. They were not granted sachemships. Hence, Mt. Pleasant is not a sachem, only a chief. His talent and character might, indeed, constitute him the head

chief of his tribe, but I doubt if his successor in name would take the same rank or exercise the same influence over the tribe that he does. Besides, the sachems alone can exercise a general authority in the League, while the chiefs' authority is confined to their respective tribes or bands. To invent a new name now for our fifty League officers would produce endless confusion in papers and books relating to them and their affairs. The task is too herculean to undertake.

Pardon me for having been so prolix. I may also have failed to make myself understood, for I have been compelled for want of time to leave out a great deal of explanatory matter. But you are such a good Indianologist that I feel certain of your ability to comprehend me. I am, with respect,

Your obedient servant,

ELY S. PARKER.

APPENDIX No. 12.

MR. HORATIO HALE'S VIEWS.

THIS eminent philologist and scholar has kindly contributed to this work the following essay :

RED JACKET'S OFFICIAL NAME AND RANK.

In Morgan's admirable work on the "League of the Iroquois" we are told that "when the celebrated Red Jacket was elevated by election to the dignity of a chief, his original name, *Otietiani*, 'Always Ready,' was taken from him, and in its place was bestowed *Sagoyewatha*, 'Keeper Awake,' in allusion to the power of his eloquence."

The name thus given requires some explanation. The Iroquois monosyllabic root, *yə* (spelt *ie* by the French missionaries, and pronounced exactly like the English affirmative "yea"), may be compared with the English monosyllable "wake," and like that has many derivatives. *Kayēon* signifies wakeful. *Kayēwate* is "to be awakened." Adding the causative affix, *tha*, we have *Kayēwatha*, "to awaken or arouse." Substituting for the first syllable the compound pronoun, *sago* or *sako*, meaning "he-them," we get the word in question, *Sagoyewatha*, "he who awakens them," or, briefly, "the awakener," or "arouser." No word, certainly, could characterize better an orator of Red Jacket's peculiar eloquence, which, from the accounts given of it, was largely made up of stimulating appeals, pungent sarcasms and startling denunciations.

The rank to which Red Jacket was thus elevated was, as is well known, not the highest grade in the Indian community. This highest rank was that to which Morgan, in his work, has given the title of *sachem*, a name hardly appropriate, inasmuch as it is properly an Algonquin term, applied in that language to chiefs of any grade. It seems better to use either the native designation of *royaner*, or its literal translation, "lord," or "noble"; or else, if anyone prefers it,

the descriptive epithet of "chief councilor." This rank was to Red Jacket unattainable, for the simple reason that it was hereditary in certain families, and that his own family did not belong to this class. There was, however, a secondary order of chiefs, which, if not coeval with the formation of the confederacy, must have come into existence soon after that event, and has played a great part in the history of the League. This order bore in Iroquois the rather cumbrous designation of *roskenrakehte-kowa*, which may be literally Englished "great warrior." This translation, however, would be somewhat misleading. All the men of the Iroquois nations, as of other Indian tribes, were warriors. With us, where the fighting men form a class apart, the word warrior retains its original force. Among the Indians it is often used simply as a synonym for "man," as contradistinguished from woman or child.¹ "Great warrior," as an official designation, is, therefore, the same as "great man," or "head man." The Iroquois of Western Canada, who have kept the ancient usages of their confederacy with scrupulous care, render this title in English sometimes "war chief" and sometimes "assistant chief." The latter rendering expresses most nearly the view which the Iroquois take of the original and proper office of the chiefs of this order. According to the theory of their government, every "lord" or "chief councilor" was entitled to an assistant chief or executive officer, whose duty it was to carry out the behests of his principal. The "assistant chief" was nominated by the *royaner*, but this nomination must be approved both by the Council of the nation and by the Great Council of the confederacy. Of course, it was the special object of each "lord" to have the most distinguished and influential assistant that he could

¹ *Oskenera* is an ancient word for "war." *Kakehte* is "to carry." The compound word, *roskenrakehte*, means "one who carries on war," and with the affixed adjective *kowa*, "great," makes the title, "great warrior." But since the Iroquois men have ceased to be a race of soldiers the word *roskenrakehte* has come to be taken in a larger sense, particularly in the Eastern Province. "This word," says M. Cuoq, in his Iroquois lexicon, "has now a more extended signification; it is equivalent to the Latin *mas*, the Spanish *varon*, the Algonquin *inini*." The author of the recent Iroquois translation of the Four Gospels, published in Montreal in 1880 (an educated Indian), has, therefore, used this term with perfect linguistic propriety in rendering the last word of the verse (Mark vi: 44), "And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand *men*." The change of meaning in this word is one of those transitions common in all languages, which etymologists have often occasion to note. Among the most curious illustrations in our own tongue may be mentioned the Anglo-Saxon *cniht* and *cnapa*, each of which meant originally "boy," but which, in modern English, have assumed the widely dissimilar acceptations of "knight" and "knave."

obtain. Thus, any Indian who became eminent, either for sagacity and eloquence or for leadership in war, was almost certain to be raised, sooner or later, to this rank. These assistants sat in council with the hereditary chiefs and were the most prominent in the debates—the dignified nobles usually reserving themselves in silence for the higher office of giving the decisive judgment. The situation was much the same as it would be in England if the lords and commons sat in the same assembly and the lords had alone the right of voting. Of course, in such an assemblage, an able and eloquent commoner, who was known to have the people at his back, would soon acquire a preponderating influence.

Nearly all the most noted chiefs of the Iroquois nations, Garagonthie, Garangula, Sadekanahatie, Dekanesora, Canasatego, and others who have made themselves historical by their skill in negotiation and their capacity for the direction of affairs—the Walpoles, Pitts, Cannings and Gladstones of this forest commonwealth—have been of this nominally secondary grade. It has been commonly supposed—and the supposition is countenanced even by so high an authority as Morgan—that the chieftainship to which Red Jacket was raised belonged to this order. But this supposition appears to be questionable.

By the rules of the League—rules which are strictly maintained in the Canadian branch of the confederacy—the number of assistant chiefs was limited by that of the superior chiefs or great councilors. Thus, the Mohawks had nine *royaners* to represent them in the council, and they would have nine “great warriors,” and no more. A list of the chiefs who compose the present Great Council on the Canadian Reserve of the Six Nations has lately been furnished by their secretary, himself an “assistant chief,” and it entirely confirms this statement. This list, however, comprises no Senecas. The Seneca nation remained in its own country, and its political constitution had a peculiar development. That development had, in fact, commenced long before the disruption of the confederacy, and was due to special circumstances which affected this nation alone. The Senecas were the nearest to those other tribes of the Huron-Iroquois stock which the Iroquois overcame and incorporated with their own people—the Attiwandaronks or Neutrals, the Hurons, Eries, and Conestogas. There is reason to believe that when the confederacy was formed the Senecas did not much, if at all, exceed in number any of the other nations. There is a tradition, indeed, that they had

been reduced by the first Atotarho to a state of subjection to his people, the Onondagas. These later accessions, however, enlarged the population to an altogether disproportionate number. When Sir William Johnson, in 1771, made a sort of census or estimate of all the Indian tribes (which Stone, in his *Life of Johnson*, has preserved for us) he set down the Senecas as numbering 1,050 warriors, while the other five nations together counted only 900. Yet, according to the original constitution of the confederacy, while the Mohawks, numbering 160 men, would have eighteen chiefs (nine nobles and nine assistants), the Senecas, with over 1,000 warriors, would have only sixteen chiefs (eight *royaners* and their eight assistants). It is clear that this number, which might have been sufficient when the confederacy was formed, would, under these different circumstances, be altogether inadequate for the domestic government, or what may be called the home police, of the nation, with its many villages and its numerous fragments of ill-amalgamated tribes. A new class of chiefs was therefore established, specially for this nation, with the title of *hasennowane*, which is rendered by Morgan "an elevated name." It means properly "great name," being derived from *kasenna*, name, and *kowane*, great. Morgan has well described the origin and character of this order of chiefs, but has made the mistake—which, at the time and under the circumstances in which he wrote, was almost unavoidable—of confounding them with the "great warriors" who sat in the confederate council. At the date of Morgan's work (in 1851) the number of Seneca chiefs, exclusive of the eight lords, was no less than seventy. The jealous nobles of the League would certainly not have allowed this overwhelming number of Seneca "war-chiefs" to sit in their Great Council. But, in fact, at that time the Great Council did not exist, except in its Canadian revival. The *hasennowane*, or "chiefs of distinguished name," were purely a Seneca creation. In 1851, as Morgan informs us, the total number of souls in the Seneca nation of New York was only about 2,500. There was thus one chief to every thirty-five persons, or, on an average, one to every seven families. The rank which the office conferred was evidently not a high one. It hardly attained to the dignity belonging to that of a justice of the peace or a village councilman among their white neighbors.

The office, however, did undoubtedly give the right of sitting in the local council of the Seneca nation; and it was certain that any member of that council who possessed the capacity and eloquence

of Red Jacket would quickly become the premier and virtually the ruler of the nation. A knowledge of this fact will account for the eagerness which he showed to attain the chieftainship. From the time he gained this office he controlled by his natural powers the destinies of his people, so far as it was possible for one individual to do so. He was at once the Pericles and the Demosthenes of this little primitive democracy. His impassioned harangues "fulminated over" it to Albany and Washington, where they produced effects of which his people still feel the benefit. If he had enjoyed a wider field for the display of his remarkable powers it may fairly be doubted whether any statesman of ancient or modern times would be deemed to have surpassed him in the qualities of an orator and a leader of men. Whatever may have been the nominal rank which the title of "Exalted Name" conferred upon him, we may safely affirm that the designation, in its literal sense, was never more fitly bestowed.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing was written, a further study of the subject has recalled to mind an important letter of Mr. Morgan, which was published in the appendix to Schoolcraft's "Notes on the Iroquois," and which should, in justice to its eminent author, be noticed. The letter is dated Oct. 7, 1845,—some six years before the publication of Morgan's work on the "League of the Iroquois." He had just attended, for the first and probably the only time, a meeting of the "Great Council" of the Six Nations, held at Tonawanda, and comprising apparently members of all the tribes,—probably the last of such meetings ever held south of Lake Ontario. The information which he there received had given him new ideas of the "vastness and complexity of the Indian fabric." More than twenty letters, he declares, would be needed to explain all that he had seen and heard. But he sketches, in a few words, with perfect correctness, the outline of the Iroquois constitution. "We learn," he says, "that at the establishment of the confederacy, fifty sachemships were founded, and a name assigned to each, which they are still known by, and which names every sachem of the several sachemdoms, from the beginning to the present time, has borne. *There were also fifty sub-sachems, or aids*; that is, to every sachem was given a sub-sachem to stand behind him,—in a word, to do his bidding." Brant, he was assured, was only "*a chief, or an officer of the third and lowest class.*" During the following years, Morgan pursued his researches, but, as it would seem, almost entirely among the Senecas, whose political

institutions had undergone a radical change. The result was that in his published work the "sub-sachems" are not found. Only one class of chiefs below the sachems is recognized, the *hasennowane*, whose number is represented as unlimited. This was a correct account of the Seneca system, as it then existed, but gave, as has been shown, an erroneous view of the proper Iroquois constitution.

APPENDIX No. 13.

OTETIANI, OR ALWAYS READY.

ITS ETYMOLOGICAL DERIVATION—LETTER FROM THE DISTINGUISHED PHILOLOGIST, HORATIO HALE, ESQ.

CLINTON, Ontario, Jan. 22, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. BRYANT:

That Red Jacket's original name, Otetiani, signified "Always Ready," cannot reasonably be doubted, as this interpretation was, in all probability, furnished by the chief himself. On the other hand, the evidence of General Parker and of Zachariah Jemison, which you have obtained, makes it clear that the word is not now known in the Seneca language. We must, therefore, as Jemison suggests, look to another dialect of the Six Nations for an explanation of the name. Fortunately there is no difficulty in finding it.

In the old French Onondaga dictionary, composed about two hundred years ago, and published by Dr. Shea in his "Library of American Linguistics," we find under *Prest* (i. e. *prêt*, ready) the composite form *agadeyennoktahi*, I am ready, *desadeyennoktahi*, thou art ready, *dehadeyennok*, he is ready. Here the first two syllables of each word *aga*, *dera* and *deha*, are the pronouns, I, thou and he, with—in the last two forms—the "cislocative" particle *de* (here) prefixed. The root *deyen*, "ready," follows, with the terminal affix *oktahi* (abridged in the third person to *ok*) annexed. This affix is probably from *okta* (Onondaga), *okte* (Mohawk), signifying "end" or "final"—"I am finally ready," or, "I am ready at last." *De-ha-deyenn-ok* may be literally rendered "here-he-is ready-at last."

Deyen is evidently identical with *tian*, the difference being merely in orthography. The *t* and *d* are interchangeable in all the Iroquois dialects. In O-te-tian-i, the initial O (for *ho*) is the pronoun "he."

Te is perhaps from the first syllable of *tiotkont* (Onondaga), *dyatgont* (Seneca), "always." The final *i* is an inflection, verbalizing the word. The name will then signify "He-always-is ready."

That the name should have been retained among the Senecas, though the meaning has been lost in their language, is not at all surprising. It was, doubtless, one of the "clan names" which were in use in one particular clan throughout the Six Nations. In the changes of language, which time inevitably brings, the root of the word might become obsolete in one or more dialects—or indeed in all, but the name would still be retained,—precisely as has happened among ourselves with common Anglo-Saxon names, such as Alfred and Edwin. The opinion which generally prevails that all Indian proper names are significant, is true only in the sense in which the same may be affirmed of all English names. All originally had a meaning, but in many cases this meaning has been lost. As you are aware, the names of the fifty great chiefs, or councilors, who framed the Iroquois League, continue in use to this day; but the meaning of about one-fourth of these names is now unknown. The Indians tell you that they are "just names," and nothing more. It is only by the chance of our possessing an ancient Onondaga lexicon that we are enabled to explain the purport of Red Jacket's original name, which doubtless was as clear to his forefathers, some centuries ago, as that of William or Frederick was to our own.

Yours very faithfully,

HORATIO HALE.

APPENDIX No. 14.

GARANGULA, THE GREAT IROQUOIS ORATOR.¹

BY HORATIO HALE, ESQ.

THE Canadian Iroquois have no tradition concerning Garangula, so far as I can learn, and they were unable to give any satisfactory explanation of the name, in the form in which we have it. It has probably been much corrupted in the utterance of the white people, as is usually the case with Indian names. If we did not know the origin of "Oneida," who would suspect its Indian form to be *O-nong-yo-te*, or its meaning to be "protruding stone?" The notion that *Garangula* is a corruption of the French *Grande Gueule*, "Great Mouth," seems to me a most improbable one. We can test the likelihood of it by a simple supposition. If the English hunters and traders had been accustomed to speak of the chief as "Big Mouth," can we imagine that an English traveler or missionary would transform that name into *Biggamotha*, or anything similar, with the notion of *Indianizing* it? The idea is plainly absurd.

The corruption was probably the other way. The chief had an Indian name somewhat resembling in sound *Grande Gueule*, and as he was noted for his eloquence—or what the common people would call his power of jaw—it was natural enough that the French "*coueurs de bois*" should invent and use this corrupt form in lieu of the correct name,—precisely as the English sailors converted the classic name of their war-ship, the *Bellerophon*, into the more intelligible "Billy Ruffian."

I think it likely that the chief's name, or official title, was *Garenhona* (which, in another and perhaps exacter orthography, would become *Garanghuna*), meaning "Lofty Tree." The word occurs in

¹ See Judge Clinton's Address.

its Mohawk form, and verbalized, in the list of Mohawk *royaners*, or councilors, as *sharenhowane*, which was explained to me as meaning "He is the loftiest tree." It is composed of *garenha*, tree-top, and *kowane*, great. In the ancient Onondaga idiom, which admitted the *r* (now disused), it would assume, as a noun, one or other of the briefer forms which are given above, and which, with the not uncommon change of *n* to *l*, approach nearly to Garangula.

This Mohawk councilor belonged to the Bear clan. It is probable that the name of "Lofty Tree," which he bore, was one of the names which belonged to that clan in all the Iroquois nations. Its significance would naturally cause it to be selected among the Onondagas as the official name of a distinguished war-chief and noted leader in council, like Garangula.

"Great Mouth" would be *rahsowana*; but it is not at all likely that the chief received his name from any physical trait of that sort. It is seldom, if ever (except in novels), that an Indian is named from any personal characteristic.

APPENDIX No. 15.

SKETCHES OF THE FIVE INDIAN CHIEFS RE-INTOMBED WITH RED JACKET.

THE YOUNG KING.

THE Young King, or Gui-en-gwàh-toh, was born at or near the site of the present village of Canandaigua about the year 1760. He was probably the nephew, on his mother's side, of the Seneca sachem, popularly known as Old Smoke, or the Old King—renowned in our earlier annals—to whose title, Gui-en-gwàh-toh, "the bearer of the smoking brand," or, more literally, "the smoke has disappeared," he succeeded. This titular dignity, which invested him with the right to kindle and extinguish the council fire of his nation, —always the most numerous and powerful in the Iroquois confederacy,—bestowed upon him and his uncle, the Old King, a delusive prestige and rank which led the whites to speak of them as royal personages.

Young King was a man of lofty stature and herculean mould, and of great force of character, though not endowed with the rare intellectual qualities which rendered his uncle the most influential Seneca chieftain of his period.

The leader of the Indians at the so-called massacre of Wyoming, history alleges, was a Seneca chief known to the natives by the name of Gui-en-gwàh-toh. Careful investigators affirm that Old King was too aged, and Young King too juvenile, to have taken part in that lamentable tragedy. It is certain, however, that there was never more than a few weeks' interregnum between the death of an Indian chief and the appointment of his successor, and Seneca tradition is silent as to any intervening bearer of the council brand, although, indeed, there may have been one. Col. Proctor, who was delegated by President Washington in 1791 to treat with the Indians, visited

the Senecas at Buffalo Creek in the spring of that year. The Young King was then apparently the leading man of his nation, or second only to the great war chief, Cornplanter. He seemed to be largely under the influence of Col. Butler and the British. Proctor says that "the Young King was fully regimented as a colonel; red, faced with blue, as belonging to some royal regiment, and equipped with a pair of the best epaulets, so that," he adds, "from his after conduct it may not appear extraordinary when the King has thrown in his opposition to my errand, he being paid so well for his influence over the Indian nations as to carry his favorite point in question."¹ Red Jacket is mentioned by Col. Proctor as the "young prince of the *Turtle* tribe," and allusion is made to his engaging countenance and remarkable gifts of oratory. It is natural to infer that Young King was the senior of Red Jacket, and old enough to have followed his patron, Col. Butler, to the bloody field of Wyoming. Captain Pollard, a noted Seneca chief, affirmed that the Young King led the Indians on that occasion.² Indian youths, of comparatively tender years, often enrolled themselves in the ranks of a war party, and won an enviable name for their enterprise and valor.

The Young King during the war of 1812 espoused the cause of the United States against the British, and in one engagement was seriously wounded.

In his earlier days he was addicted to intemperance, but on his conversion to Christianity he became a zealous advocate of temperance as well as the leading promoter of education and progress in his tribe. During his more reckless days, in a brawl,—where the testimony shows he was not the aggressor,—he lost an arm and suffered other mutilation, and yet to the last his gigantic figure and commanding features wore the grandeur of a desolated and battered Colossus.

"He was the first man who built a rod of fence on the Buffalo Reservation, where the missionaries first resided; and often in the cold winter days would be seen on Saturday crossing the creek in his little canoe, to see if the church were supplied with fuel for the Sabbath, and if it were not, with his one hand wielded the axe and chopped the little pile, which he also carried to the door to be sure that it was ready for the morning service, saying that he came so late into the vineyard, he must work diligently in order to accomplish

¹ History of Buffalo and the Senecas, vol. 1, p. 423, Appendix.

² American Historical Record, vol. 1, p. 116.

anything before he was called away."¹ His manners were peculiarly suave and refined. His hospitality and benevolence were proverbial. He died in 1835 and was buried at East Buffalo in the old Mission Cemetery.

CAPTAIN OR COLONEL POLLARD.

Captain Pollard, Ga-on-do-wau-na, Big Tree, a Seneca sachem of the first class, was a cotemporary of Red Jacket and only second to him as an orator. In moral attributes he was the superior of Red Jacket, being literally a man without guile and distinguished for his benevolence and wisdom. In youth he was an ambitious warrior, and made himself conspicuous in the many forays against the border settlements by the British and Indians during the Revolutionary war. He participated in the affair at Wyoming. He was one of the earliest fruits of missionary labors at Buffalo Creek, and after his conversion to Christianity always spoke with abhorrence and deep contrition of the events of his warrior days, and he afterwards led a blameless and beneficent life.

Pollard was a half-breed, his father being an English sutler or Indian trader,—whose headquarters appear to have been at Fort Niagara,—and his mother a Seneca woman. The celebrated Catharine Montour (Queen Catharine) became his step-mother and bore to his father three sons, all of whom were renowned in the border warfare of those troublous times.

Pollard was formally selected by the Indians as their leader, or war captain, at the commencement of the war of 1812, and was an able and valiant ally of our forces during the entire struggle. He was a man of commanding presence,—of dignified and benevolent aspect, showing but little traces of his Indian lineage. He died at an advanced age on the 10th day of April, 1841, and was buried in the old Mission Cemetery. He left no descendants. His wife, Catharine, who survived him several years, was buried by his side, together with the last of his family, a little granddaughter. The three sleep together in the new Indian burial-lot at Forest Lawn. Ketchum ("Buffalo and the Senecas"), who knew him personally, says that "after the death of Farmer's Brother the most considerable of the chiefs of the Senecas was Captain Pollard, or Kaoundowana."

¹ Miss Johnson's "Iroquois," p. 218. See also Letchworth's "History of the Pratt Family."

Colonel Stone ("Life and Times of Red Jacket," p. 373), says: "Captain Pollard, or Ka-oun-do-wa-no, is yet living (1841,) a venerable-looking old man, with a finely developed head which would form a noble subject of study for Dr. Combe."

LITTLE BILLY.

Little Billy, Jish-ge-ge, or Katy-did (an insect), is always mentioned in cotemporary records as "*The War Chief*." He died at the Seneca village, Buffalo Creek, December 28th, 1834, a very aged man. There is a tradition extant which asserts that he was one of the Indian guides who accompanied the youthful Washington on his memorable mission to Fort Duquesne during the old French and Indian war.¹ The few aged Senecas who remember him affirm that he was a man of marked integrity and of irreproachable habits. Only the most meagre materials for his biography remain, although his name is appended to many treaties and occurs in the "Life and Times of Red Jacket," and other writings relating to the Indians. The same remark is equally applicable to the two chiefs next mentioned.¹

DESTROY-TOWN.

Destroy-Town, Go-non-da-gie, "He destroys the town" (more accurately, O-shah-go-non-da-gie), was a leading councilor in his nation, a brave warrior, a man noted for the soundness of his judgment, his love of truth, his probity and his bravery as a warrior. Destroy-Town bore the same name that the Iroquois bestowed on General Washington, who, in consequence of his generosity toward this conquered and despairing people, at the close of the Revolutionary war, was enshrined in their affections and revered not less than William Penn, the just pale-face.

TALL PETER.

Tall Peter, Ha-no-ja-cya, according to the orthography of published treaties and other documents, was also a compeer of the great Seneca orator. His Indian name should be written Wa-o-no-jah-gah and signified *he has swallowed a tooth*. In middle age he became a Christian and thereafter led a useful and exemplary life. The few aged Indians who remember him speak of him with respect and

¹ Washington, in his narrative of that expedition, mentions a Seneca chief named *Jes-ka-ka-ke*; evidently another form of spelling Little Billy's Indian name.

affection. He was one of their leading chiefs. I have been able to glean only these few particulars concerning him.

He was a man of gigantic stature, fully seven feet high, and died and was buried at the Mission Cemetery some fifty years ago, aged probably about seventy years.

THE NINE UNKNOWN BRAVES.

Near the center of the old Mission Cemetery and opposite the main entrance, was a cluster of graves in which were buried Red Jacket and his brother chiefs. The pride and valor and wisdom of the nation, before it became spiritless and moribund, slumbered there. There were no monuments, not even a head-stone, to mark the respective resting-places of these aboriginal lords,—only a venerable walnut-tree which stretched out its sheltering arms and spread its canopy of foliage over the hallowed spot. Humphrey Tolliver, an aged runaway slave from Virginia, with his white wife and mulatto children, occupied a cottage and cultivated a few acres of garden land bordering the cemetery grounds. He had lived there many years,—when Red Jacket was in his glory and the leader of his people. He continued to reside there long after the last loitering Seneca turned his back upon the ancient seat of his tribe, never more to return. Thereafter Tolliver became the self-appointed sexton of the old graveyard when the crowd of white immigrants surged in to fill the places of the departed Senecas, and he buried the pale-faced dead in the holy ground which had been consecrated as the place of sepulture of the red men. Never could he be induced, however, to consent that the sacred area, about the walnut tree, should be profaned by the spade of the grave-digger. He would shake his gray head and say, "The big men of the Senecas were buried there." He knew them well, those silent, composed and mysterious men, in strange, picturesque garb and speaking an incomprehensible language. He died a few years since at a very advanced age, and a new custodian of the Indian cemetery,—a white man who lacked sensibility and was superior to the weakness of superstition,—succeeded to the humble office.

Besides the remains we have been successful in identifying, there reposed in this little area the ashes of Two Guns, Twenty Canoes, John Snow, White Chief, and several other chieftains, all of whom are numbered among the nine undistinguished dead re-interred with Red Jacket.

Sagoyewatha sleeps at Forest Lawn surrounded by the same dusky group of compatriots and friends who stretched their weary frames and laid them down to rest beside him in the old Mission Cemetery at East Buffalo.

W. C. BRYANT.

NOTES.

1. Rev. Dr. Breckenridge had an interview with Red Jacket and his brother chiefs at the residence of General Porter at North Buffalo in 1821. He says, "Red Jacket was dressed with much taste in the Indian costume throughout. He wore a blue dress, the upper garment cut after the fashion of a hunting-shirt, with blue leggings, very neat moccasins, a red jacket, and a girdle of red about his waist. I have seldom seen a more dignified or noble-looking body of men than the entire group."—*Stone's Life of Red Jacket*, p. 400.

2. "Tollifer," Anglice, Talliafero, one of the F. F. V.'s. He was a very tall and jet-black negro,—an honest and worthy man.

3. The last Seneca who lingered on the Buffalo Creek Reservation after the fraudulent treaty which ceded it away to the infamous Ogden Land Company, was Johnny John, whom I remember as a noble-looking type of the full-blooded Iroquois. He refused to surrender possession of his humble abode, and was finally evicted, pursuant to a decree of the Supreme Court in an action of ejectment.

4. Red Jacket's Indian name or title should be pronounced Sa-gò-ye-wàt-hä—*ä* as in fate, *ä* as in far; strongly accented on the second and fourth syllables.

5. Henry Placide, the eminent comedian, some thirty-five years ago caused a marble slab with a brief and suitable inscription to be placed at the head of Red Jacket's grave. Relic hunters and other vandals mutilated and chipped it away in a pitiless manner. What they left of it is deposited in the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society.

APPENDIX No. 16.

From the Deseronto Tribune.

THE MOHAWK CENTENNIAL

AT TYENDINAGA, ON THE BAY OF QUINTÉ, CANADA, SEPTEMBER 4, 1884.

THE Mohawk Indians celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their landing on the Tyendinaga Reserve on Thursday, September 4th. The place selected for the demonstration was the beautiful grove adjoining Christ Church; and certainly no more charming locality could be selected for the purpose, the grove which overlooks the bay being one of the finest in this part of the district. There was a very large attendance of visitors from all parts of the adjoining country, all of whom appeared to enjoy the day's proceedings, which proved highly interesting and eminently successful. The Indians of the Reserve were out in force, several being dressed in the costumes worn by the nation in ye olden time. On the grounds there could be seen an old wigwam on which there was in large figures 1784, and near by a handsome white tent with 1884. There was a good display of bunting, the Union Jack predominating, and a large stand had been erected under some grand trees from which the various speakers could be well heard by all present. The Deseronto cornet band was in attendance and played several selections during the proceedings, while a well-trained choir, under the leadership of the teachers of the Reserve schools, also contributed various patriotic songs, etc., with good taste, between the various speeches. The speeches were of a high order, and in this respect this centennial was probably superior to others held elsewhere this year in Canada.

After devotional exercise and prayers, which were read by Rev. Rural Dean Baker, Mr. Solomon Loft, who admirably performed the duty of chairman, called on Chief Sampson Green, the first speaker,

who, in full costume, came to the front and extended a welcome, on behalf of the Mohawk nation, to all visitors. He said it was customary for his forefathers, when they assembled for council, to commence their proceedings by smoking the pipe of peace. He would, therefore, in accordance with this old usage, ask the distinguished visitors on the platform to join him in smoking the pipe of peace. The pipe was accordingly lighted by the chairman and each present took a puff as a token of their amicable intentions. The chief then proceeded to explain the reasons why the Mohawks happened to be now on the Reserve, and went back to the earliest treaties of England with his nation—treaties which had been faithfully observed by both parties. Prior to the American Revolution, the Mohawks had dwelt in the valley of the Mohawk River, New York, where they occupied a large territory, having fine farms and prosperous villages. When the colonists rebelled, the Indians remembered their treaty and remained loyal, and with a small minority of colonists stood to their colors. When the independence of the Colonies was acknowledged, the question came up whether they would remain, or go to Canada and commence life again. The Six Nations remained true to King George, gave up homes, fields and everything beside, and came to Canada, being led by the great Tyendinaga and John Deseronto. They crossed the St. Lawrence and came to Lachine, near Montreal, where they remained seven years. With the U. E. Loyalists they were informed that grants of land would be given them in *lieu* of what they had lost, and in any place they should choose. They proceeded west to Cataraqui, where it was agreed around a council fire to dispatch the chiefs to explore and select a proper place. Captain Brant went up the lakes to Grand River near Brantford, and Chief Deseronto came up the Bay of Quinté to Tyendinaga. They returned and reported, and it was decided that the nation should divide, and accordingly fifteen families came up the bay and landed at a spot near what is now known as McCullough's dock, in May, 1784. The rest of the nation passed up the lake and settled at Grand River. To these fifteen families, whose landing they were celebrating, George III., in a deed dated April, 1783, granted the Tyendinaga Reserve. They had prospered fairly, had two churches, one of which had cost \$7,000, the other \$4,000, and had four school-houses for the instruction of their children. The fifteen families who had landed had increased to a community of over one thousand souls. He thanked his audience for joining in their celebration, and that there was no enmity now

between white and red men—all were Christians. The chief then took his seat amid loud applause, the choir singing "Rule Britannia."

The next speaker was Rev. J. C. Ash, of Shannonville, who first expressed the pleasure it afforded him to take part in this unique celebration. It was exceedingly appropriate to sing "Rule Britannia," for the Indians had never been enslaved. The past history of the Mohawk nation, he stated, afforded an illustration of the unswerving loyalty which had never been surpassed, if indeed ever equaled. They had given up their magnificent territories and had come to Canada in order to be under the old flag. Britain had always protected and remained true to the aboriginal tribes, and always evinced a parental regard for the aboriginal people who come under her dominion. When he came to Canada, thirteen years ago, it was said that the Indian races were doomed to extinction, but the remarks of their chief, showing that they had grown from fifteen families to 1,000 people, contradicted such an assertion. Under the benign influences of religion and the absence of the cursed firewater they were certain to prosper and enjoy greater blessings to come. He trusted that the harmony and good-will would, as in this country, continue to exist between all parts of the British empire. On taking his seat Mr. Ash was accorded hearty applause.

After a selection from the Deseronto cornet band, the Rev. R. H. Harris, of Brighton, spoke, referring the principle of loyalty which actuated the Mohawks to the result of the influence of religion. Religion was not a mere mass of dogmas, but a living, practical reality. The Mohawk nation had left a mark, broad and deep, on the history of the country.

John White, Esq., M. P., on coming to the front, was loudly cheered. After an amusing anecdote, he referred to the fact that there were 100,000 Indians in the Northwest, and that these were ever ready to yield obedience to the British flag, and this he illustrated by an instance in the life of McDougall, the great Methodist missionary in the Northwest. He had been cordially welcomed on his recent visit to the West, because he came from the home of the great Mohawk nation. Referring to the fact that the Indians had, as tenants, many white men who acknowledged that their landlords were good fellows,—would (said he) that such were the case in Ireland. One thousand mounted police could not keep the peace in the Northwest, were it not for the respect paid by the Indians to the British flag, under which he hoped to live and die.

After a song from the choir, Wm. Hudson, Esq., M. P. for East Hastings, gave a short speech. He was glad to meet so many of his supporters met to commemorate such an important event. The Six Nations were not behind the whites in their attachment to the good flag; they had taken up arms nobly in defense of the crown.

Dr. Oronhyatekha followed in an excellent speech abounding with wit and humor. He said that after so much eloquence from clergymen and members of parliament, they would not consent to listen to a common Indian. Still he was proud of being a Mohawk, as they were the best people on the face of the earth, and that for the following reasons: Every Mohawk who was left alive had left the other side after the war, but not so the whites—some of them remained. He then gave a humorous account of the origin of the Indians, which accounted for the superiority of the red men. It was asserted that Indians made women do all the work and treated them as inferior creatures; but this was incorrect, as they knew to their cost. They did just as they pleased, and as a matter of fact the chieftainship in Indian tribes descends by the woman, and woman controlled the education of the children. Sir John Macdonald, as Mr. White had stated, had reason to be a friend to the Indians, as he had got the idea of confederation from the confederacy of the Six Nations. Again philologists had shown that language is the index of character. Indians cannot swear except in English, and, further still, they had never drunk whisky until the advent of the whites. This was the result of bad company. He prayed the white men to keep liquor from the Indian. He wanted the members of parliament present to tell of the class of people they had met, and to work in order that the Indians might get the right of the franchise.

"Home, Sweet Home" was then sung by a number of children.

Rev. S. Forneri, of Adolphustown, was the next speaker. Referring to the remark of a previous speaker who had said that a centennial was a thing which occurred only once in a life-time, he stated that he had been present already this year at three centennials. He judged from the remarks of the previous speaker that the Indians were susceptible to flattery, and, in the presence of the deadly tomahawk, he would proceed in the same strain. The Indians were, he proceeded to say, in the first rank of U. E. Loyalists, as, according to Rev. Dr. Stuart, they had landed on Quinté fourteen days before their white brethren. They were Loyalists *par excellence*, because though the whites were allowed to carry away their valuables, the Indians were burnt out of house and home, forty villages being destroyed,

and their loyalty afterward put to the proof by bribes, but all in vain. The Indians had pioneered our religious institutions, having built the first church, and they were Loyalists in the highest degree, as they were proud of Canada and British connection. The idea of a confederation was suggested to the United States by the Six Nations, and we had got the idea from our neighbors.

He thought we all should continue to sink or swim with England; there would be no sinking, however, we would get on swimmingly together. Independence and separation were the dreams of a youth ashamed of cord and bonds. We should rather remain satisfied with British connection. The Mohawks did not wish to sever their connection with Britain, and if closer connection were made, as some supposed, the Mohawk nation would have a representative, as in 1860 they had elected the Prince of Wales a chieftain. The speaker concluded an excellent address amid great applause.

Rev. Mr. Foster, of Shelby, followed in a brief speech, inculcating the principles of loyalty to country and respect for religion, and the necessity of all uniting to work for the welfare of our common country.

Rev. E. H. M. Baker, Rural Dean, then addressed the assemblage, expressing the pleasure it afforded him, as the clergyman who had the Indians as his spiritual charge, of welcoming so many visitors. He had come from the United States, but he was born a British subject, and had strong U. E. L. sympathies. He said that they were that day by a curious coincidence celebrating three great events; first, it was the tercentenary of the handing over by the Six Nations of the Ohio valley to the British authorities; secondly, it was the bicentenary of the conversion of the Mohawks to Christianity, and, thirdly, their landing in 1784. The Mohawks had come from the United States because they foresaw it would be for their good, and he then graphically described the encroachment of the whites on the Indians in that country. He said that he discerned in the near future two political movements, viz., the passage of a prohibitory law, which would be a boon to the Indians, and the other, the enfranchisement of the Indians, a measure which he asserted was favored by Mr. John White and Hon. Speaker Kirkpatrick. When these two measures were secured there was sure to follow prosperity for the Indian population of Canada.

Rev. G. A. Anderson, of Penetanguishene, succeeding Mr. Baker, expressed the pleasure he felt to meet so many old friends after so many years of absence and to find that there were no divisions or

troubles among them. He dealt with the religious history of the Mohawks. Rev. Dr. Moore had been sent out by Queen Anne to the Mohawk valley. He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Andrews in 1710, who brought the communion service which was there to be seen beside him on the stand. He had erected a chapel, the money being furnished by the Queen's bounty. Mr. Barclay was the next clergyman, and he in time was followed by the well-known Dr. John Stuart, who came with them to Canada and erected a chapel of large oak timber, the remains of which could be seen a few years ago. The Mohawks when they came brought a little captive white girl who refused to part from the Indians, even at the solicitation of her friends. Her name was Christina Smart and she died in 1881, aged 111 years, and she was the great grandmother of their honored chief, Sampson Green. The Reserve previous to their arrival had been occupied by the Ojibways, and many old relics of that tribe had been turned up during recent years. He hoped the Nation would continue to prosper and that God's blessing would descend upon their children's children.

Rev. T. G. Porter, of Shannonville, owing to the late hour, spoke very briefly; he had no doubt that the trials and sacrifices which they had passed through as a people in their early history were the direct means of preserving their existence as a nation at this day, and they should be thankful for the fact. They now enjoyed the protection of the British flag, whereas if they had remained in the United States, they would have been compelled to leave their homes and move farther on, as had been the case with the tribes in that country.

After an eloquent speech in Mohawk by the chairman and an address in English by Chief Green, thanking all for their kindness in attending, and the ladies who assisted in preparing refreshments, cheers were given for the Queen, Sir John Macdonald, Lady Macdonald and others. "God save the Queen" was sung with great effect and the meeting came to a close.

There were several other speakers present, among whom was J. J. Watson, Esq., of Adolphustown, but time did not allow any more speeches and these gentlemen waived their privilege. The best of order prevailed, refreshments were bountifully supplied by the ladies, who had also arranged a grand museum of curiosities and other attractions. Interesting games and sports went on until darkness set in and every one appeared happy and satisfied. The people on the Reserve have, in fine, every reason to be proud of their successful demonstration.

APPENDIX No. 17.

From the Brantford Evening Telegram.

THE MOHAWK CENTENNIAL

ON THE GRAND RIVER RESERVE, NEAR BRANTFORD, ONTARIO,
OCTOBER, 24, 1884.

FRIDAY was the closing day of the Seventeenth Agricultural Exhibition of the Six Nations Indians. On the day previous there was a very large assemblage of natives and visitors upon the grounds, something over three hundred dollars being taken in at the gate. There was a very material diminution in the attendance on Friday, the cold, blustering weather doubtless detaining many who would otherwise have been present. Among the visitors were the Hon. J. Burr Plumb, of Niagara, Wm. Patterson, M. P., ex-Mayor Robert Henry, Supt. Gilkison and a number of Brantford people. The Agricultural Exhibition was of especial interest, manifesting the material strides toward civilization, which our Indian neighbors are making. The exhibit in all departments were said, by the secretary, to be more numerous and better in quality than last year. In the horse department there were one hundred and nineteen entries, including some very fine animals in the heavy-draught, agricultural and carriage classes. The entries in this department last year were but seventy-eight. A corresponding increase was also noticeable in the cattle sheds, there being one hundred and seventeen entries in this department, all belonging to native farmers. Among the cattle were noticed several well-bred Durhams, and the entire display was better than has been made at any previous exhibition held by the society. In swine and sheep the number of exhibits were small. The industrial hall contained the displays in grain, field crops, fine

arts, ladies' work, farm and dairy produce, fruit, etc. The show of fruits, grain and field crops, although not large, was a good one, reflecting credit upon the agricultural skill of the Indians. In canned and preserved fruit, bread, cakes, etc., the exhibit was large. In ladies' work a number of patch-work quilts, as well made as if from the needle of the most skilled "pale-faced" seamstress, tidies in crochet and Berlin wool, and a general assortment of fancy work were displayed. A natural history collection, consisting of ornithological and mineralogical specimens, attracted much attention from the visitors. Another interesting exhibit was a collection of wooden work made by the natives. The display consisted of lacrosse sticks, canes, marvelously carved, when the simplicity of the tools used is taken into consideration, papoose boards, ladles, war-clubs, tipped and loaded with lead, bows, arrows, quivers, and a variety of other articles. A primeval corn-mill, made by burning a hollow in a block of wood, and adding an immense pestle of hickory with which the grain is crushed, stood in one corner bearing the "red" ticket. Of course the show of "fine arts" was meagre. A few Berlin wool, shell and hair-work wreaths and half-dozen water colors, in all of which the aborigines, in full war-paint and bedecked with feathers, appeared prominently, comprised the display.

On the whole, the exhibition was a very good one, and reflected much credit upon the Indians of the Reserve, and the president and directors of the society.

One hundred years ago the ancestors of the inhabitants of the Reserve received, at the hands of Sir Frederick Haldimand, the Royal Charter, granting to them, as a reward for their fidelity to the British Crown, during the American Revolution, the land which their descendants still hold. In commemoration of this event a celebration was held yesterday to which the Lieut.-Governor of the Province, Senator Plumb and other prominent gentlemen, together with a number of Indian chiefs, were invited. At elevated points on the show grounds flag-staffs were erected, from which floated the British ensign, for the honor of which the Mohawks and confederate tribes had sacrificed so much, and a speaker's stand was provided for the accommodation of the distinguished visitors. Shortly before noon Senator Plumb, Superintendent Gilkison and other gentlemen arrived on the grounds. A diminutive cannon, announced the event by frequent discharges, which served the dual purpose of demonstrating Indian patriotism, and frightening all the horses on the

grounds. Two Indian bands were in attendance and saluted the visitors with several musical selections. It had been intended to hold the meeting in the open air, but as the hour approached, it began to snow and blow, necessitating an adjournment to the Council House. Upon the platform were seated Hon. J. Burr Plumb, Wm. Patterson, M. P., Supt. Gilkison, ex-Mayor Henry, Dr. Wm. T. Harris and Chiefs Henry Clinch and Alex. Smith, the first named acting as chairman and the latter as interpreter. To the right of the stand were seated Chiefs Elias Johnson, of the Lewiston Reserve, La Forte, of Onondaga Castle Reserve, near Syracuse, N. Y., Jacob Hill, of Green Bay, Wis., and Powless, Fraser, Thomas, Doxtater, Hill, Key, Buck, Porter, Jonathan and Wage, of the Six Nations Reserve, and Rev. Bearfoot, of Point Edward.

Superintendent Gilkison, upon arising, said that the occasion they had met to celebrate was one memorable in the history of the Six Nations Indians and it was with pleasure that he acted as chairman. He stated that owing to unavoidable causes they were deprived of the presence of the Lieut.-Governor and the General Superintendent of Indian affairs. The speaker then spoke of the fidelity of the Six Nations to England's King, in a time of great need, and reviewed the granting of the Brant Reserve to them as a slight compensation for the losses sustained by them, and the hardships to which they were subjected during the struggle. In this connection Mr. Gilkison read a copy of the decree, signed by Sir Frederick Haldimand, by which a tract of land, six miles deep, on both sides of the Grand River, extending from its mouth to the source, was ceded to the Mohawks and allied tribes. The speaker then alluded to the great strides which the Indians had made toward civilization, as shown in their churches, schools and in the agricultural exhibition, which had just been concluded. In conclusion, Mr. Gilkison read a letter from Mr. Wm. C. Bryant, of Buffalo, an adopted chief of the Seneca tribe, expressing regret on behalf of himself and other gentlemen who had been invited, that they were unable to be present at the celebration, and expressing the earnest hope that it would be long before the Mohawks would be merged into the pale-faced race.

Wm. Patterson, M. P., was then introduced. He expressed his gratification at being present and witnessing the advancement made by the Indians as demonstrated by their exhibition. On such an occasion as they had met to celebrate it was meet that references of a historic nature should be made, and he was pleased and honored

to see that Senator Plumb, a leading citizen of Canada, one who had always studied and manifested an interest in Indian affairs, was present to give them some historical facts in regard to the Six Nations. The speaker then referred to the great advancement the country had made, and said that inhabitants of Brant County, and especially the city of Brantford, were under deep obligations to the Indians for the lands which had been procured from them. The Government had always dealt honorably with the Indians, and the speaker expressed a hope that this policy would always be pursued in the future. For years the white men and the Indians had dwelt in harmony, side by side, without murmurings, much less revolt, on the part of the latter, which he hoped would continue in the future. Mr. Patterson's remarks were received with much applause.

Senator Plumb was next introduced. He began his eloquent and interesting address by stating that he felt highly honored and pleased by the invitation to attend the exhibition, and take part in the celebration with those whom the Government were bound to protect and cherish in every way in their power. He then referred to the formation of the league of the "Long House," by which the several tribes composing the Six Nations were bound together and became an invincible power upon the continent. The immense territories acquired by them, and the many nations which they conquered, with no other weapons but those formed of shell and stone, were recounted by Mr. Plumb in graphic language. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Six Nations had reached the summit of their power. The Dutch settlers had entered into friendly relations with them, and this was continued by the English. With them the Mohawks formed a covenant chain, which had never been broken, but remained untarnished still. The Six Nations were the highest type of Indians ever known upon the continent, and the speaker hoped that their nationality would never be merged into that of the whites. The hatchet was buried, and he hoped that they would be as successful in peace as they had been in war. It was with great sorrow that they had abandoned their beautiful lands in the center of New York, but they remained true to the cause of Britain's King and sacrificed all to keep their promise as expressed by the covenant chain formed in previous years. The gratitude of the King to them for their aid was shown by the liberal grant of land which had been made to them. After having passed through a period of war and semi-civilization, they were rapidly reaching a complete civilization, as evinced by their

schools and agricultural exhibition, which latter would compare favorably with many of the local fairs held by their white brethren. Education was now the first necessity, and every one should take advantage of the school privileges held out to him. A great improvement had been made, but there was still room for more, and the speaker hoped that they would continue until they had reached a complete civilization. Mr. Plumb closed his remarks by expressing regret that the Governor-General and Lieut.-Governor had not been able to be present, and assured his Indian friends that he would always retain an interest in their race and their advancement.

At the conclusion of Senator Plumb's address, remarks were made by Chiefs Clinch, Smith, and Jacob Hill, of Green Bay, Wisconsin. Messrs. Cleghorn and W. F. Cockshutt and Rev. Mr. Caswell, the representative upon the Reserve of the New England Company. Several of these gentlemen made excellent remarks, but scarcity of space forbids more than a brief mention. The occasion throughout was very pleasant, and will long be remembered by the Indians and their white brethren who were fortunate enough to have been present.

APPENDIX No. 18.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OR TITLES OF THE FIFTY ORIGINAL IROQUOIS SACHEMSHIPS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE MT. PLEASANT (GE-GOH-SA-SEH).

WHOEVER has read Mr. Morgan's "League of the Iroquois" must naturally have been struck with the whimsical names which the founders of the confederacy bestowed on the fifty hereditary sachemships, such as (interpreted into English) "War-club-on-the-ground," "At-the-great-river," "Falling-day," "Dragging-his-horns," "Hanging-up-rattles," "A-man-with-a-headache," "On-the-watch," "Wearing-a-hatchet-in-his-belt," etc. The explanation is very simple. During my childhood I often heard the tradition concerning this matter from the lips of aged Indians who were the repositories of the legends and lore, handed down from father to son, for countless generations among my tribe.

After the scheme of a confederacy of the different Iroquois tribes, or "nations," had been perfected by Hiawatha and his partisans, and the reluctant assent of the redoubtable Onondaga chief, Todadaho (Atotarho), been obtained, the fifty hereditary sachems who were to administer the affairs of the new Indian empire, were selected from the different nations. The number was not equally apportioned among the tribes. For instance, to the Onondagas were assigned fourteen sachemships, while the Senecas had only eight; but as unanimity was a requisite of every decision of this forest senate, it mattered little. A wise old chief from the more eastern tribes,—possibly Hiawatha himself,—was chosen and instructed to journey westward and apprise the several nominees to the great office of League-sachem of their selection. He was also invested with the prerogative of inventing and conferring the permanent titles of these sachemships. He wisely resolved that, instead of leaving it to his fancy or invention, he would let chance, or what we call Providence, suggest and determine the name, and he proceeded on the westward

trail to fulfill his mission. When he came to the wigwam of a family thus to be honored, he gave the elected head of the household a sachem name or title, which was to be hereditary and last as long as the League should endure, and which was suggested by his appearance, his occupation at the moment of encountering him, his condition and natural surroundings at the time. For instance, calling at the lodge of one of the Mohawk nominees, the messenger surprised the former in the act of hanging up on the ceiling of the wigwam the fawn-hoof rattle-bracelets which warriors wore on their ankles in the war-dance. He was forthwith invested with a title which, translated into English, signifies "Hanging up rattles." His successor in office to-day wears the same name. Another, upon whom he called, impressed him by his lofty, intellectual forehead, and "High Forehead" became his title. Another, a Seneca, was surprised in the act of mending his moccasins, and exasperated at the accidental breaking of his bone needle; the title of his office became "The Needle Breaker."

The foregoing explanation is ingenious and probably true. I have heard that the titles of barons and other nobles in the old country had their origin in just such trivial circumstances.¹

Alas! so much has perished of the unwritten traditions of my people, and so much is being enshrouded in the thickening darkness of a night which will know no morning.

¹ I. e., *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; Count Von Gellhorn (of the screeching horn), etc.

APPENDIX No. 19.

ANECDOTE OF RED JACKET—LEAF FROM A DIARY.

OCT. 27TH, 1878.—Spent most of the day in the cabin and on the grounds of Ruth Stevenson, which latter were the site of one of the villages belonging to the extinct Kah-kwahs or Neutrals, and are rich in relics of that lost people. Ruth said that her step-father, Red Jacket, scarcely ever smiled, although far from being a morose man. His forehead was bald; back from the middle of the crown the hair was thick and long, reaching down below his shoulders. This he invariably wore in the form of a single braid. It was Ruth's office to braid the old man's locks every morning. Formerly they took their meals squatted on the floor, and, when the weather was warm, on the grass under the trees. They were often surprised at such times by white visitors.

Once when they were dining in this primitive fashion, her mother looked up and exclaimed, in Seneca, "See, two carriages are approaching, filled with white people!" At the same time she arose to withdraw from their too curious gaze. Red Jacket replied, "Stay, do not go. The white people are obliged to eat as well as we. There is no cause for shame or fear." The mother, however, insisted on retiring. The strangers, among whom were several ladies, alighted from the carriage, came up and saluted Red Jacket, who, although attired simply in his blouse and moccasins, arose with great dignity, bowed, and shook hands with each, and with the grace of a courtier.

A few days afterward Red Jacket walked to the village of Buffalo, and at sundown his wife and the children descried him in the near distance bearing on his back a large cherry dining-table, which he soon placed before his wife, saying, "Now, mother, we can eat like white folks." After this all their meals were spread on this table, which Ruth still keeps and which she exhibited to me.

Red Jacket, she said, was quite fair,—lighter in complexion than most Indians. Her mother would sometimes playfully taunt him with

being half-white, saying he was of too light a hue for a pure Indian. This invariably caused him to exhibit a mild irritation.

Red Jacket would say that he was the last of his family, having survived all his children, his brothers and sisters. Nevertheless, after his death a considerable number of Indians participated in the ten days' funeral feast customary among the Iroquois when a leading chief dies, and claimed a share in the distribution of his effects.

He had no ornaments, save the Washington medal, but the medal and his wardrobe were claimed by members of his clan who are accounted relatives among the Iroquois. The late chief, Jemmy Johnson, was heir to the medal presented to the old chief by Gen. Washington; by him it was transmitted to Gen. Ely S. Parker, the present owner of this precious relic. The cross, set with precious stones, and which history affirms Red Jacket desired to be buried with him, Ruth had never seen, and it is probably apocryphal.

His forehead was high and expansive; it retreated but little, if at all. B.

A GLIMPSE OF RED JACKET'S FAMILY AND TRIBESMEN IN 1794, AT THE MEMORABLE COUNCIL AT CANANDAIGUA.¹

FIFTH DAY, OCT. 30.—After dinner, John Parish and myself rode to view the Farmer's Brother encampment, which contained about five hundred Indians. They are located by the side of a brook, in the woods; having built about seventy or eighty huts, by far the most commodious and ingeniously made of any that I have seen. The principal materials are bark and boughs of trees, so nicely put together as to keep the family dry and warm. The women as well as the men appeared to be mostly employed. In this camp there are a large number of pretty children, who, in all the activity and buoyancy of health, were diverting themselves according to their fancy. The vast number of deer they have killed since coming here, which they cut up and hang round their huts, inside and out, to dry, together with the rations of beef which they draw daily, give the appearance of plenty to supply the few wants to which they are subjected.²

¹ Diary of William Savary, Friends' Library, vol. 1, pp. 370-382.

² On another page of this journal Mr. Savary says they sometimes killed more than a hundred deers in a day.

The ease and cheerfulness of every countenance, and the delightfulness of the afternoon, which these inhabitants of the woods seemed to enjoy with a relish far superior to those who are pent up in crowded and populous cities, all combined to make this the most pleasant visit I have yet made to the Indians, and induced me to believe *that before they became acquainted with white people, and were infected with their vices, they must have been as happy a people as any in the world.* In returning to our quarters we passed by the Indian council, where Red Jacket was displaying his oratory to his brother chiefs, on the subject of Colonel Pickering's proposals.

On another page Mr. Savary says of the orator :

Red Jacket visited us with his wife and five children, whom he had brought to see us. They were exceedingly well clad, in their manner, and the best behaved and prettiest Indian children I have ever met with.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DELAWARES, REV. ALBERT ANTHONY AND THREE CHIEFS.

OUR people, the Delawares, call themselves Lenäpe, meaning men, or the real or true men. We often speak of ourselves as the Wä-pa-nachki, or *People of the Morning*,¹ in allusion to our supposed Eastern origin. Our traditions affirm that at the period of the discovery of America, our Nation resided on the Island of New York. We call that island Man-ä-hä-tonh, *The place where timber is procured for bows and arrows.* The word is compounded of N'man-hum-in, *I gather,* and tan-ning, *at the place.* At the lower end of the island was a grove of hickory trees of peculiar strength and toughness. Our fathers held this timber in high esteem as material for constructing bows, war-clubs, etc.

When we were driven back by the whites our Nation became divided into two bands. One was termed Minsi, *The great stone;* the other was called We-naw-mien, *Down the river,* they being located further down the stream than our settlement.

¹ The Senecas called the Delawares Dyo-hens-gwoh, literally, *From whence the morning springs.*

We called the Susquehannah, A-theth-qua-nee, *The roily river*. The Monongahela was called Meh-man-nau-wing-geh-lau, *Many land-slides*.

When we lived on the banks of that river, say as late as one hundred and thirty years ago, a herd of bison used annually to come down to the western bank of the river. We called this animal Ah-paquah-checoë, *Wild cow*. The Allegany mountains were called by us Al-lick-e-wa-ny, *He is leaving us and may never return*. Reference is made, I suppose, to departing hunters or warriors who were about to enter the passes of those rugged mountains.

There are about one hundred and thirty of our people residing on the Grand River Reserve. The residue are scattered over the continent.

APPENDIX No. 20.

THE RE-INTERMENT OF RED JACKET.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON,

(A Mohawk Indian girl, daughter of a distinguished sachem lately deceased, and one of the invited guests of the Historical Society.)

So still the tranquil air,
One scarcely notes the falling of a leaf,—
But deeper quiet wraps the dusky Chief
Whose ashes slumber there.

Sweet Indian Summer sleeps—
Trusting a foreign and a paler race
To give her gifted son an honored place
Where Death his vigil keeps.

Before that slumber fell,
Those ashes in their eloquence had stirred
The stubborn hearts, whose heirs to-day conferred
A Christian burial.

Through war's o'er-clouded skies
His higher flush of oratory 'woke,
And factious schemes succumbed whene'er he spoke
To bid his people rise.

The keenest flint or stone
That barbed the warrior's arrow in its flight,
Could not outreach the limit of his might
That he attained alone.

Early he learned to speak,
With thought so vast, and liberal, and strong,
He blessed the little good and passed the wrong
Embodied in the weak.

So great his mental sight,
That had his form been growing with his mind,
The fir had been within his hand a wand
With superhuman might.

The world has often seen
His master mind pulse with the waning day,
That sends his waning nation to decay
Where none can intervene.

And few to-day remain :
But copper-tinted face, and smoldering fire
Of wilder life, were left me by my sire
To be my proudest claim.

And so ere Indian Summer sweetly sleeps
She beckons me where old Niagara leaps;
Superbly she extends her greeting hand,
And, smiling, speaks to her adopted land,
Saying, "O, rising nation of the West,
That occupy my lands so richly blest;
O, free, unfettered people that have come
And made America your rightful home—
Forgive the wrongs my children did to you,
And we, the red-skins, will forgive you too.
To-day has seen your noblest action done—
The honored re-intombment of my son."

CHIEFSWOOD, ONTARIO, October 9, 1884.

RED JACKET, (FROM ALOFT.)

*(Impromptu, on Buffalo City's Commemoration of, and Monument to, the
old Iroquois Orator, Oct. 9, 1884.)*

BY WALT WHITMAN.

UPON this scene, this show,
Yielded to-day by fashion, learning, wealth,
(Nor in caprice alone—some grains of deepest meaning,
Haply, aloft, (who knows?) from distant sky-clouds' blended shapes,
As some old tree, or rock or cliff, thrill'd with its soul,
Product of Nature's sun, stars, earth direct—a towering human form,
In hunting-shirt of film, arm'd with the rifle, a half-ironical smile
curving its phantom lips,
Like one of Ossian's ghosts looks down.

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 9, 1884.

ONONDAGA CASTLE.

WITHIN a few miles of Syracuse is situated the former capital of the Six Nations, that once powerful confederacy whose arms were the terror of the north. It is well known as Onondaga Castle, and the position is beautifully chosen amid the surrounding hills.

A remnant of the Onondagas now reside upon the site, clinging with the tenacity of the Indian to their home, but they have degenerated from their former condition, and nothing remains at present but a melancholy wreck of former greatness.

WHERE yonder mount arises from the vale,
 With smooth ascent, though steep, of lofty shade,
 That swells with stately view above the wild;
 Were gathered once, the strong and noble hearts
 Of nations leagued for peace or savage war,
 As to a center, sacred as of old,
 The Forum, whence the eagle mandates flew
 With winged speed o'er all the conquered world.
 Proud rulers of the far extended north,
 Their war-song waked each echoing woody dell,
 With dreadful note of wild, untutored war,
 And on a thousand lakes of silver tide,
 Or deep, majestic streams, their hostile fleets
 Poured silent forth, t' avenge the mutual wrong,
 And wreak a dreadful vengeance on the foe.
 But here their place of rest, and sacred home,
 This mount in air, this sweetly flowing wave,
 Where stern victorious hearts enjoyed the peace
 Won by triumphal arms, and with the tale
 Of noble deeds, inspired the soul of youth
 With love of fame to gain the warrior's bays,
 Or yield the life to guard their country free.
 The light of nature was their guide alone,
 And thence their savage virtues purely sprang,
 The patriot deeds that gild their ancient time.
 They looked upon creation's wondrous scene,
 And from their souls went up the hymn of praise
 To some great hand divine, some spirit blest,
 Whose essence none could tell, but whose dread power
 They viewed in ceaseless change, and signs that told

Their lowly hearts, of all his might and love.
 To him, the offering for their earthly bliss,
 Or earnest prayer to save from tearful woe,
 Whose eye of light, with justice stern surveyed
 Their works of ill or good. So passed they on,
 Rude sons of nature's hand, and in the war
 With savage foes, or on the hunting-ground,
 Found all their pleasures, and their glorious fame.
 But time's eventful course hath spoiled the home
 Long cherished by the heart, the eagle nest,
 Where danger never came of old, and low
 The chieftain's pride is bowed, and all the hosts
 Of warriors bold, that once were gathered here,
 Long since departed to the spirit land.
 Behold the last sad remnant of their race,
 Now circled 'round the expiring council fires,
 And clinging to their fathers' cherished shrines,
 Unmindful of the tide that soon will bear
 The last memorial of their ancient state,
 To that lone ocean, on whose silent shore
 Forgotten shades, through time, still wander on.

The Indian fades away, and leaves on earth
 No monument to speak in future days
 Of deeds heroic, or preserve the fame
 Of nations lost amid the flow of time.
 There is a mystery in their decay,
 The falling of strong hearts that oft have braved
 Destruction on the field, who knew no lords
 Below, yet breathe their souls upon the gale,
 And sink in silence to the shades of death.
 Sages and heroes, those whose brows are white
 With silvery locks, the prattling tongue of youth,
 And woman's stifled voice, all gliding down
 Oblivion's vale. They are around us yet,
 With haughty souls e'en in their ruin proud,
 Yet with us hold no converse: their's the wilds
 Where nature blooms unpruned, and there they raise
 Rude altars to the spirit great and good.
 Here once their fathers roamed, and firm the step

Of warrior pride, nor soars the monarch bird
More free amid his heavenly clouds than moved
Those sons of earth; here burned their council fires,
Where stern resolves sate on the lofty brows,
And bosoms thrilled with savage eloquence.
The bowers of love were here, and these the seats
Of mighty ancestors, whose loved remains
Reposed beneath, and charmed the holy place.
Those days of greatness all have passed away,
And to the rude yet sacred homes, the hearths
Where blazed the social fire, with charms as loved
As e'er the Lares of old time possessed,
Came desolation, and the mighty hand
Upraised, of Force. The struggle of the soul
Ensued, that trembled with the power of hate,
And deep and silent grief that had no utterance,
And the proud spirits bowed unto the earth.
No arm of strength will save them from their end,
But sadly moving on, a mournful band,
They go to join their fathers' wandering shades
That joyful rove the bright Elysian plains,
And soon in memory's trace will only live,
Like nations mighty in some ancient time,
Whose names alone are breathed, their lofty deeds
Erased by centuries of changing time.

August, 1839.

BURYING THE BONES.

(*Red Jacket, Buffalo, Oct. 9, 1884.*)

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

It is half an age since he passed away,
The Chief we honored that autumn day.

The day was bright, but what of the deed?
Ah! that depends on the make of the creed.

It is well that his bones find rest at last,
But what of the wrongs of the silent past?

To judge from the Law brought down from the Mount,
It will need much more to square the account.

He spoke for his people, great and small,
But our ears were closed to his plaintive call.

He sued for justice, he sought for right,
But died, as he lived, without the sight.

We gave no heed to his living tones,
But what of that? we buried his bones!

He plead for his own and we heard him not,
But see the monument he has got!

The story returns from the ages gone:
He asked for bread and they gave him a stone!

BUFFALO, Nov. 7, 1884.

APPENDIX No. 21.

Otetiani—Changes effected by Time in Unwritten Languages—*Onas*, William Penn—Little consequence attached to Personal Names among the Iroquois—Such names Clan Property, but liable to be Superseded by Newly Invented Ones—Letter from General Parker.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1885.

WM. C. BRYANT, Esq., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your esteemed letter of the 30th ult. was duly received, for which accept my thanks.

I am extremely gratified that you sent Mr. Hale's letter for my perusal. He certainly makes an exhaustive analysis of the name *Otetiani*, and presents strong evidence of the correctness of his conclusions. I agree with him most emphatically that "time inevitably brings" great changes in languages. The Iroquois is not now spoken as it once was. Many words have become obsolete and new ones have been introduced. Nor is there any doubt that many proper names have become disused. *Onas*, the name of "Penn," is no longer used, and I have never found a Seneca in my day who could tell me anything about *Onas*. Yet the fact is beyond question that William Penn was called *Onas*, and that the name signified a *quill*. All Iroquois names are clan names, and those given to and which appertain exclusively to children were never regarded as of much consequence. Children's names and adults' names were not necessarily continuous from generation to generation. Old ones were dropped and new ones adopted at any time. Dreams were sometimes at the bottom of changes, sometimes they were bestowed for friendship's sake, and sometimes it was a personal whim or fancy. I will not assert it as a fact, but I will say that I do not believe the name *Otetiani* has ever been borne by any other Iroquois since Red Jacket's youth, so little consequence is attached to names by the Indians. The only Iroquois names to which a perpetuity is attached are those of the fifty sachems or League officers, and these only

because they are so nominated in the organic law of the League, which our fathers taught us were immutable and unchangeable. To make myself more clearly understood, but with no intention of egoism, I will cite my own case. From my earliest recollection, and up to the day I was promoted and installed as one of the fifty sachems, I bore the name Hāsānoandā. That name was then shed or cast off, and as completely forgotten by the Indians as if it had never been, and I have never heard that it has ever been deemed worthy to be bestowed upon any other young Indian.

Begging your pardon for delaying my response so long, I remain, with respect,

Your Obedient Servant,

DONEHOGAWA,
or ELY S. PARKER.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF HORATIO HALE, ESQ.

CLINTON, Feb. 23, 1885.

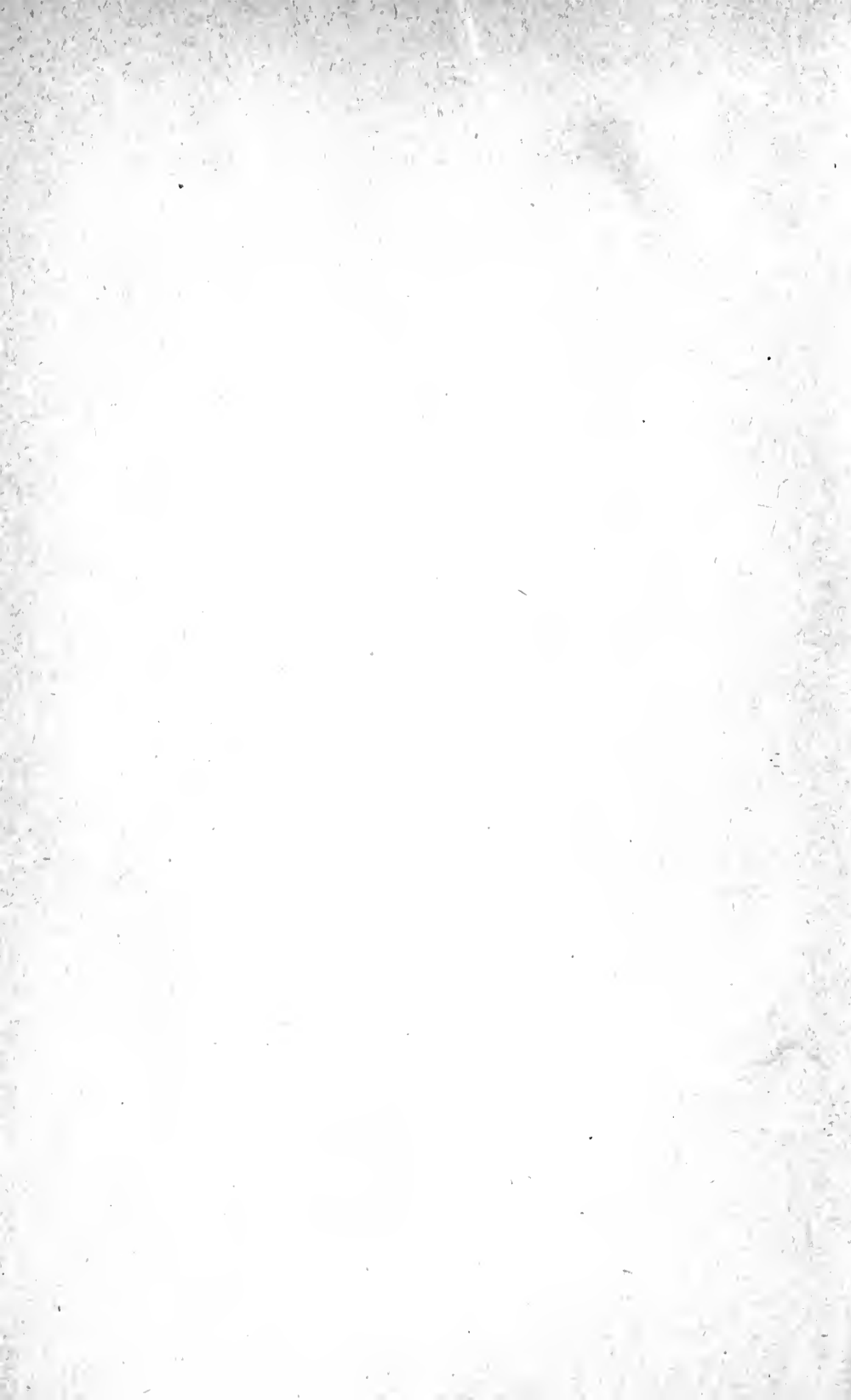
MY DEAR MR. BRYANT:

I am greatly indebted to you for the opportunity of perusing General Parker's interesting and admirably written letter. His approval of my views on the origin of Red Jacket's original name gives me great satisfaction.

He will be pleased to know that the word *onas*, though obsolete in the Seneca dialect, is still retained in the Mohawk. Cuoq, in his Iroquois Lexicon, gives "*ONAS*,=*feather, plumage, pen*," and adds, "Hence the compound *onasakenrat*, *lit. white plumage*, the Iroquois word for swan." * * * *

Ever Sincerely Yours,

HORATIO HALE.



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